

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 177.

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1850.

\$3 Per Annum.

EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 137 BROADWAY.

Contents.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE FREE SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.
PARISIAN SKETCHES.—Voltaire (concluded).
NEW WORKS ON CALIFORNIA.
FLETCHER'S NOTES FROM NINEVEN.
HERBERT'S FISH AND FISHING.
DEAN'S MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.
BAILEY'S ANGEL WORLD.
REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.
DANIEL SEYMOUR.
DANTESQUE AND HOGARTHIAN SKETCHES OF LONDON.—A Walk in a Workhouse—Simpson's. By Charles Dickens.
THE FINE ARTS.—The Royal Academy, Second Paper—Art-Items, &c.
MUSIC.—Italian Opera at Astor Place.
THE DRAMA.—Mr. Buchanan.
FACTS AND OPINIONS.—Deaf and Dumb—The Atlantic—City Railroads—Foreign Intelligence and Gossip, &c.
PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

Original Papers.

THE FREE SCHOOLS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

In 1839, a remarkable book appeared at Paris. Ramon de la Sagra, an accomplished Spaniard, after having visited these United States and the Island of Cuba, undertook a journey throughout Holland and Belgium expressly to examine the public schools and the institutions of charity in those countries. De la Sagra was a member of the Cortes in 1838. He had returned home after an absence of years, and his heart was sickened by the disasters of his country. "The civil war," says he, "which desolates the Peninsula, threatens to leave to their land a sad inheritance—disorders in government, attacks upon religious faith, above all, an epoch in which all public education is broken up. The family of a poor man in Spain has absolutely *nothing* save resignation and patience;" and after giving a picture of the wretchedness of his country, which shows at once the depth of national misery quite incapable of exaggeration and his own benevolence, De la Sagra resolves to introduce into Spain, as "things of first necessity," he says, the schools, and the asylums, and the refuges of happier countries. He studies accordingly the educational and charitable systems of Holland and Belgium, and criticises in an enlightened spirit the merits and defects of each. At the close of his book, he gives some statistics to show the percentage of children instructed, in proportion to the population, in various countries, and finds that foremost in the civilized world, stood in 1836 the State of New York, which educated one in every 3.6-10 of its inhabitants. At the foot of the list was *Russia*, where, we are not surprised to learn, only one out of seventy-seven goes to school.

	Scholars.	Inhabitants.
In Belgium about 1836, . . .	1	in 10.7
Holland, . . .	1	in 8.3
France, . . .	1	in 13.3
Scotland, . . .	1	in 10.0
Ireland, . . .	1	in 13.0
Prussia, . . .	1	in 6.3
Wurttemberg, . . .	1	in 7.0
Baden, . . .	1	in 6.0
Bavaria, . . .	1	in 8.0
Saxony, . . .	1	in 5.5
Bohemia, . . .	1	in 5.7
Austrian States, . . .	1	in 10.0
Switzerland, some cantons, . . .	1	in 9.0
others, . . .	1	in 12.0
do., . . .	1	in 20.0
Sweden—Norway, . . .	1	in 7.0
Denmark, . . .	1	in 7.0
Russia, . . .	1	in 77.2
Italy—Lombardy, . . .	1	in 12.0

VOL. VI. NO. 25.

	Scholars.	Inhabitants.
Venetian Provinces, . . .	1	in 20.0
Spain, . . .	1	in 17.6
New York—United States, . . .	1	in 3.6
The New England States, . . .	1	in 4.0
Ohio, . . .	1	in 4.0
Indiana, . . .	1	in 17.0
Kentucky, . . .	1	in 17.0
South Carolina, . . .	1	in 64.0

The Free School system of New York, then, is a just cause of pride. It is almost coeval with the State. At the first meeting of the State legislature after the adoption of the Constitution, Governor George Clinton earnestly called attention to the subject of education. "Neglect of the education of youth," says he, "is one of the evils consequent on war. Perhaps there is scarcely anything more worthy of an attention than the revival and encouragement of seminaries of learning." Although in 1789 an act was passed requiring the surveyor-general to set apart two lots in each township of the public land thereafter to be surveyed, for gospel and school purposes, the first appropriation of money was not made until 1795, when £20,000 (\$50,000) were granted for five years. Three years after, in 1798, there were already 1352 schools, containing 59,650 children. For the further history of our common schools, the limits of an article compel us to refer to the "Digest of the Common School System," by S. S. Randall, General Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools, a book containing an admirable summary both of the history and practical details of the Free School organization. Suffice it at present to say that until 1849 the Common Schools were not strictly *free*. A capital of two millions and a quarter, yielding \$122,000, in round numbers, forms the common school fund. To this, by law, was added \$165,000 out of the income of the United States Deposit Fund, a fund consisting of the surplus moneys loaned by the United States to various States several years ago; and the deficiency was made up by town and county taxation, and by rate-bills.

On the 1st July, 1849, there were 11,191 school districts reported, in which the whole number of children residing, between the ages of five and sixteen, was 739,655, while the whole number taught was 778,309.* During the same period the sum of \$1,153,916.27 was paid for teachers' wages, of which \$653,704.53 was received from the State Treasury and from the avails of town and county taxation and local funds, \$489,696.63 contributed on rate-bills by those who sent children to school, and \$10,515.11 raised by taxation on the inhabitants of the district to meet the amount due on the rate bills of such indigent persons as were exempted by the trustees from payment of their share of the school expenses.

In 1849, the friends of popular education were struck with the fact that so inconsiderable a sum was raised for the education of indigent or pauper children, and found that instead of 16,900, as reported, there were actually over 60,000 whose parents were too poor or too proud to declare themselves paupers, and so kept their children from school. It was observed, too, that the free schools in cities where rate-bills had long been unknown, worked admirably, and with some difficulty a

* It may be mentioned incidentally that there were 1893 private and unincorporated schools, teaching 72,785 pupils, reported to the Department.

law was passed in 1849, making all common schools in the State free, by providing for their support by a sufficient tax.

The details of the new law were imperfect, and the taxation was often unequal. Complaints were made to the department, and petitions were sent to the last legislature praying for amendment. A few asked a repeal of the law and a return to the old system of rate-bills. The committees in Senate and Assembly on literature and schools examined the subject, and they recommended some amendments, but dissuaded repeal. Political capias, as it is called in some quarters, however, was to be made out of the matter. Numerous old bachelors and rich tax-payers, who rarely vote, might be got out to save their pockets by voting for the repeal of the School-Law; and finally, after a good deal of squirming, it was determined to submit again the question to the people, and the School-Law, after hardly one year's trial, is to be reconsidered in November.

Now against submitting any law which, as directed by the constitution, bears upon its title the words "the people of the State of New York represented in Senate and Assembly do enact," &c., to the people in their primary assemblies, the polls, we have always protested. Deliberation was meant to be had upon public measures, and the public men so deliberating are responsible for what is done. What responsibility or discussion can there be on election day?—but let that pass. Our purpose and duty now is to call upon the friends of popular education throughout the state, to stand by their schools, and to take care that our State sustain its reputation of being foremost in popular education now, as it was ten years ago.

A number of influential persons have called a Free School State Convention, to be held at Syracuse, on Wednesday, the 10th day of July next. Every school district ought to be represented. This convention is for the purpose of discussing, by a conference of the friends and enemies of Free Schools, the whole subject.

The only serious opposition made to the principle that Public Schools ought to be free to all, is made by the New York Freeman's Journal, the organ of a large class of persons who often vote in mass upon any public question which excites their interest. "The Free School Law in question," says that paper of April 20, 1850, in an article headed, "Hurrah for Repeal," "was intended to extend to the whole State of New York the system of schools as they exist, for instance, in this city. It will not do away with the iniquitous and prodigal system of free schools by law established in this city. But it will at least revive in us the hope that if the people of the State shall be delivered from this odious tax, the people of this city will soon follow in demanding freedom from schools that are a moral nuisance, and have no kind of claim on the confidence of the public.

"This is our programme:—To try and carry at the election next fall the repeal of the law establishing free schools throughout the State, and to follow this up as quickly as possible by repealing the free school law of this city. Who

does not know that the children of Catholics, when they are mixed up with Protestant children in school and elsewhere, become, in a majority of cases, worse and more thoroughly the children of hell than the others. Well, let Catholic schools be well and thoroughly organized in our towns and villages, and let these perishing Catholic children who, when neglected, can only be designated as infant rowdies and premature ruffians,—let these children be submitted for simply three months to the discipline of Catholic day schools, under the eye of the Catholic clergy, and with their assiduous instruction, and the altered behavior, the moral reformation of these children will be the talk of the town! In no place, under no circumstances, is there any duty so urgently pressing on our Catholic people as that of having schools subject to the clergy."

The ground is here boldly taken that all secular education must be subject to a sectarian clergy; and it will perhaps be best merely to suggest that *thirty* hours out of the 168 in the week are all that are required for the free school education. Surely during the rest of the week the peculiar religious teachings of parents may be given without difficulty; and is it not a great advantage, instead of an evil, that in our schools children of every faith may meet and learn that creeds need not make men foes?—that consciences and watches do not keep time always? *Tolerance* forms a part of our popular education. The views of the *Freeman's Journal*, as it pleasantly styles itself (*quasi lucus, a non lucendo*), look to the subjection of education to clerical direction boldly and openly. But all history shows the danger of priestly influence in other things than the cure of souls, and shows moreover that in countries where such model schools exist, education is limited to the Catechism, or at best to the fine arts. Here we want individual excellence. Opportunity to cultivate talent where it springs up, and freedom for its full development. Surely it will be enough to state in their own words these monstrous doctrines of the enemies of free schools—doctrines which savor strongly of good old times when every man did what was right in the eyes of the priesthood, of whatever name, and not what was right in his own.

The question at issue in November is simply whether the free schools which we enjoy in the city of New York shall be extended to the rural districts. In November, 1849, the popular vote was 249,872 for the new law, 91,951 against it—majority for the law 157,921. Reckoning by counties, fifty-five counties gave majorities for free schools, and but five against them. This new law is defective. Amendments were proposed by the Department of Schools, and urged by the appropriate committee in the legislature; but political expediency outweighed right, and by an ungenerous artifice, the law goes before the people with all its defects unremedied. Men will, in their anxiety to escape an unequal tax, vote against the holy principle of free education, to which the unequal tax is but an accidental and curable appendage.

It is encouraging to see the spirit with which the old friends of the cause have met the call of the Convention.

"What can any State or country be," asks old Salem Town, a veteran among the battlers for universal education—"what can any country be without educated mind? To me it seems, that if there were no higher considerations brought into the account than political economy even, the measure would command undivided support."

"New York," says Horace Greeley, "was the first to devise and carry into effect the noble idea of having a library of cheap and choice books connected with each school-house, so that the children of poverty and ignorance having once learned to read, shall have the means always at hand of improving every leisure hour out of school in the pleasing acquisition of useful knowledge. A defeat of the Free School Law would be a disaster—a humiliation—a relapse towards barbarism." And we agree with him. Rate-bills may have done well while our population was sparse, but now that all Europe is settling down upon our fields, like a cloud of locusts darkening the sun, we must educate in self-defence. Free schools are the true insurance offices—they protect us against ignorance, which is the mother of crime, idleness, discontent, socialism, agrarianism, and national ruin.

The principle of free education is at stake. The existing law has defects, but they are slight and curable, and if the people will it, these defects will be cured by the next legislature. It must not be forgotten that out of the 90,000 opponents of the bill, only some 15,000 have made any further complaints. Yet this miserable minority, in the face of 250,000 votes given last November in favor of Free Schools, have succeeded in so working upon the hopes and fears of office-seekers, as to endanger the anchorage of our good Ship of State.

To the cause of good letters the Literary World is ever devoted. To the advocacy of good schools, without which good letters would soon cease to find appreciation, it will not be backward in giving aid. We call attention, therefore, to the Syracuse Convention, and shall watch its deliberations with interest.

Parisian Sketches.

VOLTAIRE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ARSÈNE HOUSAYE.

IV.

DURING this sojourn in Paris, Voltaire lived in great style, in order to distract his mind. He opened two mansions, one in the Rue de Richelieu, the other in the Rue de Longpont. The first was devoted to playing comedy and suppers; in the second, Voltaire worked. Jealous at seeing Crébillon the Tragic fêted at the court, he had resolved to contend with him by re-writing all his pieces. Lekain came to his aid. Voltaire was the poet of Lekain, Lekain became the actor of Voltaire. In spite of the court, Voltaire was victorious in the contest. Could one believe that in writing *Oreste*, *Rome sauvée*, and *Triumvirat*, he had no other object? Singular aim, to write three tragedies to put King Louis XIV., Madame de Pompadour, and himself, in the wrong.

The King of Prussia and the Duchess du Maine revenged him sufficiently for the injustice of the Court of France; he was fêted at Sceaux like a prince of the blood. The King of Prussia wrote to him, "I respect you as my master in eloquence, I love you as a virtuous friend." The motive which decided Voltaire to set out for Potsdam was a copy of verses of Frederick's, in which a bad poet was a genius at his rising, who came to console the world of Voltaire at his setting. "The King of Prussia must be informed," said Voltaire, "that I am not about to set yet." He departed. Frederick received him better than a king, for, for Frederick, he was the king of poets and philosophers. He found at Potsdam an apartment adjoining that of Frederick, the chamberlain's key, the cross of merit, a

pension of twenty thousand livres, and finally, a table and equipages to his own use, at the sole charge of correcting the king's writings. Voltaire imagined that he was about to find liberty in a court, and a friend in a king; the illusion quickly vanished. Kings are always kings; above all, philosopher kings. As Voltaire, on his side, was a king, he quitted Potsdam, his chamberlain's cross, his friend Frederick, to create a court for his own use. "On leaving my palace of Alcinous, I went and passed a month with the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, the best princess of the earth, the sweetest, the wisest, the most equal, and who, Heaven be thanked, does not make verses. After that, I passed some days at a country house of the Landgrave of Hesse, who was still more removed from poetry than the princess of Gotha." His adventure with the police of Frankfurt, touching *l'œuvre de poeshie du roy son maître*, is well known.

Escaped from Frankfurt, he went to pass some days at Mayence, saying that it was to dry his garments, wet from shipwreck. The Elector Palatine sought him out and received him with splendid fêtes. Not daring to return to Paris, where they would not pardon him for having sung with the King of Prussia, where, moreover, he had circulated an irregular edition of the *Essay on the Manners and Spirit of Nations*, he went to live at Colmar, calling himself, according to his custom, a bird of passage. He worked there at the *Annals of the Empire*, with the assistance of certain scholars in German legislation. Learning that a short time before copies of Bayle's Dictionary had been burnt on the public square of Colmar, he took an aversion to that place, and retired to the Abbey of Senones alongside of Calmet, who tried to convert him. "I have not become a devotee, but I have made myself a Benedictine," wrote Voltaire. He retreated for a time to the rich library of the Abbey. From thence he set out for Lyons in company with his niece, and Collini his secretary. He found at Lyons his friend, the Duke de Richelieu. The Lyonnese received him with transports of joy; they played his pieces at the theatre, and serenaded him. It is from Lyons that this celebrated *mot* dates. "It would be well for every monarchy," he said to Richelieu, "to have a Cromwell once in every fifty years."

From Lyons, Voltaire went to Geneva; on his arrival the gates were closed, but scarce had he uttered his name, when they flew open on both sides. He was desirous of residing at Geneva, but the rigor of the Protestants terrified him as much as the zeal of the Catholics. He bought the beautiful country-seat called *Les Délices*, and lived there in great style, receiving a great deal of company and performing comedy. He was often seen promenading the park dressed as an Arab, with a long beard, reciting the part of Mohabar, or in a Grecian dress reciting Narbans. As soon as he was settled the comedians of Paris came to pay their court, by playing with him on his theatre; savants, literary men, and princes, followed the comedians on the road to *Les Délices*. It is remembered that Montesquieu was present at a representation of the Orphan of China, and fell fast asleep. Voltaire, who perceived him, threw his hat at his head, exclaiming, "He thinks that he is at an Audience."

As he could not live in quiet in spite of his sixty-four years, in spite of all the showers and tempests which he had undergone, he did not content himself with *Les Délices*, but bought a magnificent mansion at Lausanne with fifteen windows in front, where, when in bed, he

could see fifteen leagues of Lake Leman, of Savoy, and of the Alps; it was his winter residence. Soon discontented with not being able to live in France, he abandoned Lausanne and Les Délices, for the manor of Ferney, where he erected, after his own designs, his celebrated chateau. He did not forget either the theatre, or the cabinet of natural history, or the library, or the picture-gallery. The dependencies of the chateau were of the most enormous character; to give an idea of them, the woods which they comprehended were valued at seven hundred thousand livres. This chateau was marvellously well situated for a view; at the horizon, eternal snows; at the foot of the walls, beds of roses. Ferney was a village almost abandoned; the church, open to the weather, threatened to come down at the next storm. As this church cut off a pleasant prospect, Voltaire had it pulled down, with the intention of building another elsewhere. See, on this subject, what he wrote to the Count d'Argental. "As I passionately love to be the master I have pulled down the church; I have taken the bells, the altar, the confessionals, the baptismal font. I have sent my parishioners a mile off to hear mass; the lieutenant criminal and the procureur du roi, have come to draw up papers. I have made everybody walk off. What does Monseigneur the Bishop of Annecy complain of? His God and mine was lodged in a stable, and I have him in a temple; the Christ was of worm-eaten wood, and I have had him gilt like an emperor." This letter was only half impious up to these lines, "Send me your portrait and that of Madame Scaliger, I will put them on my high altar." The church finished, he had these words inscribed on the portal; Voltaire to God. A few days afterwards, he preached in the church unceremoniously on good works. There was not much of the humble catholic in this, but Voltaire was then atoning for many of his sins. After having built a chateau and a church, he built a village, almost a city, where he invited all those without means elsewhere; he founded there a manufactory of watches, which soon did business to the amount of 400,000 livres a year. He had marshes drained and waste lands cleared, which he relinquished to the labors of husbandmen. In spite of all the benefits he conferred he was not in safety; the bishops of the neighborhood demanded with urgency of the parliament that such a man should be for ever banished from the territory of France. In a critical moment, he communicated in the church at Ferney, saying that he wished to perform his duty as a Christian, as an officer of the king, and seigneur of the parish. The Bishop of Annecy, not believing in the good faith of the poet, forbade all the curés of his diocese to confess him, give him absolution, or the communion. Voltaire, not wishing to have the law laid down to him by a bishop, even in religious matters, put himself to bed, played the sick man, insisted to his physician that he was about to die; had himself absolved by a capuchin, demanded the eucharist by right of viaticum, communicated in his chamber, and had record taken of the fact by a notary. This sacrilegious action was regarded as a piece of cowardice by the philosophers, and as an impiety by the catholics, which was all that Voltaire gained by it. But he did not stop here in this sad chapter. To amuse himself, without doubt, he had himself appointed father temporal of the capuchins in the province of Gex. He was even received as a capuchin in person, and took all these fathers under his protection. He wrote then to the Duke de Richelieu, "I should like

much, monseigneur, to give you my benediction before I die. This announcement will appear somewhat strong to you, but it is in exact truth. I am a capuchin, our general who is at Rome has just sent me a diploma; I call myself father spiritual and father temporal of the capuchins." A short time before, he had hoped to become cardinal on the faith of the Duke de la Vallière, on condition that he would translate the Psalms and the Book of Wisdom, for the use of Madame de Pompadour.

Ferney had become a holy city for the philosophers of Europe, as Mecca was for the Mussulmans; they made pilgrimages there. Voltaire was surnamed the patriarch; every day brought him a friend or a stranger, a wit or a prince, a man of the legal robe or a churchman, a painter like Vernet, a sculptor like Pigalle, or a musician like Grétry. The ladies came in great numbers during the fine season. They played comedy every evening at Ferney; a ball followed the comedy; Voltaire, happy to make others happy, appeared there for an instant, and then shut himself up again to resume his labors. He had succeeded in living a solitary and laborious life in the midst of bustle, splendor, and fêtes. What was wanting to his happiness? But was he happy? The fortune and glory were there to his vision, but when he turned his eyes towards the sky, towards the future, towards heaven, a sombre inquietude devoured his heart: Where do I go? he asked himself, with some terror. He, however, soon fell back into the whirlpool of the joys and sorrows of this world; he made war on his enemies, the critics, and the devotees, more cruelly than ever. Lefranc de Pompignon fell on the battle-field, riddled with pleasantries; Fréron saw himself taken off on the stage of the Théâtre Français; twenty others came off hobbling. The desire of revenging himself led away Voltaire, and inspired him with comical buffooneries. His conduct towards J. J. Rousseau is particularly to be deplored. He at once recognised his genius. But it must be confessed that Jean Jacques was not always a man who acted with good taste. When he was beset on account of his *Emile*, he responded to Voltaire's offer of an asylum, thus, "I do not like you, you have corrupted my republic by giving her plays." After this answer, anger dictated to Voltaire the most unworthy satires against this man of genius, poor and alone, banished from Geneva, his native land; banished from Paris, his adopted country.

In the midst of this wilful blindness towards his enemies and towards religion, Voltaire preserved some claims to the gratitude of humanity. A destitute young girl of the blood of Corneille was recommended to his care. "It is the duty of an old soldier," he said, "to serve the daughter of his general." He invited Mademoiselle de Corneille to Ferney, gave her a Christian education, dowered her with the proceeds of the *Commentaires sur Corneille*, and married her to a young gentleman of the neighborhood. The stories of Calas, of Montbailly, of the Count de Lally, in which Voltaire made himself so nobly the defender of the oppressed, are too well known for it to be needful for me to repeat them. He had besides the glory of provoking the edict of Louis XVI., which enfranchised the serfs of Mount Jura. He did not occupy his whole time in combating religion, in defending his reputation, in revenging the victims of human justice. A great number of his works are dated from Ferney, amongst others *L'Histoire de l'Empire de Russie*, *l'Histoire du par-*

lement de Paris, *Tancrède*, *l'Ecossois*, and tales, poems, and letters without number.

Like the poets of the time I take pleasure in my journey to Ferney. The painters went to Rome, the poets to Ferney. I enter a small room where books of all languages and of all ideas are scattered about. There are two men at work on the destinies or the chances of the world. Voltaire who dictates, Vannières who writes, "I bow before Voltaire," who stretches out his hand without interrupting the conclusion of a sentence. "Permit me," says Vannières, "I think that you are mistaken about the texts." "Keep on," says Voltaire, "I may mistake, but I have my reasons. Truth before all things, sincerity will follow." Whilst he is speaking, I regard him from head to foot; he is in a curious dress, and would make a worthy pendant to Jean Jacques as an Armenian. His face full of fire peeps out from a gigantic periwig, a waistcoat trimmed with fur, breeches of doe-skin, his feet in slippers and his hands full of books; thus is it Voltaire appears to me. While dictating he talks to me about Paris, of a rascal called Desfontaines, of a droll fellow called Fréron: he talks of poetry like a man who has not taken time to be a poet. I speak to him of his glory, I ask the favor of subscribing for his statue. "Alas! I am a poet neither as young nor as comely as Apollo, but I shall not trouble myself about it, that rogue of a Fréron will drape. But come, I have talked nonsense enough for this morning, let us take a walk." He conducts me to his park, where I admire in all sincerity the grandeur of the scene; he, little sensible to these marvels, ridicules in a lively enough manner everything which comes into his head. He exhibits the wit of *Candide* at every step. On turning a corner we meet the Reverend Father Adam. "Let me introduce Father Adam, not the first man in the world." The worthy man bows and smiles with resignation. He awaits with patience for the first tear of repentance from the great sinner. "Father Adam, where are you going?" "To church."—"Lazy fellow." The reverend father cannot repress a smile. "You forget that it is time for our game of chess." We return to the chateau and pass to the saloon. Voltaire sits down to the board and calls for coffee. Already very animated, he becomes still more so; Father Adam does not profit by his advantages, he lets him win. It is known that Voltaire had threatened Father Adam that he would throw his peruke in his face, if he dared to beat him. One day the poor father, sure of checkmating him, rose in terror, escaped by the window, and disappeared in the park. Meanwhile Madame Denis comes in sullenly, and embraces her uncle; she complains of ennui; Voltaire calls for coffee. Breakfast is served, Voltaire takes only coffee and water. Visitors arrive, he gives them audience, amusing himself at the same time with their gravity. He pleasantly corrects their outré compliments. Thus an advocate presents himself full of provincial eloquence; "I salute you," light of the world," says he, with emphasis. Voltaire exclaims "Madame Denis, bring the snuffers." After the hour of glory comes the hour for business. The farmers, the borrowers, the tenants, an entire world supported by Voltaire arrive. He calls for coffee, more coffee, always. He shows himself in turn easy and severe, to some as the father of a family, to others as the seigneur of a village. He promenades again in the park, sometimes with a gardening tool in his hand, sometimes with a flower, never with a book. The news from Paris arrives to

astonish him, he could do without coffee and possess all his energies. He enters in agitation, writes twenty letters in less than an hour, his hasty pen saving itself by its wit from its impudence. In the evening the guests of the chateau, Marmontel, La Harpe, or Florian, come to make their court to the patriarch, in company with some ladies or actresses.

Meantime Voltaire was eighty-four years old. For twenty years he had lived at Ferney without thinking much about further travel. His tomb, a simple stone, was placed near the church which he had built. All his friends had come and gone to bid him adieu over and over again; he awaited death firmly like all those who have done good and evil here below, when Madame Denis, tired of so long a stay at Ferney, made every exertion to compass a visit to Paris. He decided to set out; arrived at Paris, February 10th, 1778, and alighted at the mansion of the Marquis de Vilette, quai des Théatins, now quai Voltaire. Each day that he passed at Paris was marked by a new triumph. The Academicians came in a body to offer him their homage; with the exception of the courtiers and the priests, all that was illustrious in Paris came to ask audience of the Patriarch of Ferney. Bernardin de St. Pierre relates that he heard porters at the corners of the streets asking one another after the health of Voltaire.

On Monday, March 30th, 1778, a triumph more splendid than monarch or hero ever obtained, greeted Voltaire after more than half a century of glory and of persecution. For the first time since his return to Paris he went to the academy and the theatre. The homage of the academy was but the prelude to the triumph of the theatre. All Paris was on his footsteps; a cry of universal joy, acclamations, clapping of hands, burst forth from all sides during his progress. Grimm is so intoxicated with his triumph that he becomes eloquent over it. "When this honored old man was seen, so weighed down with years and glory, when he was seen to dismount, supported by the arms of two friends, sympathy and admiration reached their highest point. The crowd pressed on one another to reach him, they pressed still more to defend him against themselves." Scarcely had the carriage stopped, when the horses and wheels were covered with people. The actors played *Irene*. Voltaire sat in the second tier, in the box of the gentlemen of the chamber, between his niece and the Marquise of Vilette. As soon as he appeared, the comedian Brisart appeared, bearing a crown of laurel, which he requested Madame de Vilette to place on the brow of this illustrious man. The spectators applauded with cries of joy. Voltaire immediately removed the crown, the spectators begged him to retain it. There were many more people in the lobbies than in the boxes; all the women stood up, a large number of them having descended to the parterre, not having been able to find better places elsewhere. It was more than an enthusiastic reception, it was an adoration, an act of worship. The piece was commenced; it was played badly; in spite of the actors and the piece, never was piece more applauded. Voltaire rose to salute the public. At the same instant, a bust of the poet appeared on a pedestal in the middle of the stage. All the actors and actresses heaped garlands and crowns around it. "At this sublime and touching spectacle," exclaimed Grimm, "who would not have thought himself in the midst of Rome or Athens? The name of Voltaire resounded from all parts with acclamations,

transports, cries of joy and gratitude. Envy and hatred, fanaticism and intolerance dared only to blush in secret; and perhaps, for the first time, public opinion in France was seen to take possession of its full authority." Whilst the performers heaped the bust with crowns and garlands, Madame Vestris advanced to the front of the stage to address to the divinity of the fête the verses improvised by the Marquis of Saint Marc. *Nanine* was played after this, the bust remaining on the stage. On leaving the theatre, Voltaire, overpowered by his laurels, breathing only by the consciousness of his glory, thought himself at last relieved from his honors; but all was not finished, the ladies almost bore him in their arms to his carriage. He wished to mount, they still restrained him. "Flambeaux, flambeaux, so that everybody may see him." At last, seated in his carriage, he must give up his hand to be kissed; people clung to the doors, they mounted on the wheels though the vehicle was in motion; the crowd, more and more intoxicated with enthusiasm, made the air resound with his name. The people, who also shared in the fête, for the people love men who are persecuted for their genius, cried with transport, "Vive Voltaire! He has been exiled fifty years for driving away the Jesuits! Vive Voltaire!" At the door of his residence, Voltaire turned, stretched out his hands, wept, and exclaimed in a broken voice, "Must you suffocate me with roses!"

It was in truth time that the hour of death should strike. He had other triumphs before death. Franklin, who had adorned the ranks of philosophy, and delivered the New World from the yoke of Europe, wished to see the poet who had charmed, diverted, and delivered the Old from the yoke of prejudice. The American philosopher presented his grandson to him, requesting his benediction for him. "*God and Liberty*," said he to him—the only benediction befitting the grandson of Franklin. They saw one another again at the Academy of Sciences; they embraced amid loud acclamations; some one said it was Solon embracing Sophocles.

At the time of his death he led the most agitated and laborious life; not only did he work, discuss, and give audience from morning till night, but when night came he lighted his lamp for further exertions. The literary and grammatical revolution which he wished to effect in the dictionary of the Academy is known. By having his mind continually awake he could no longer endure to sleep; he took opium, made a mistake in the dose, and fell into the half-sleep of death. Thus the two most illustrious men of the eighteenth century, Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau, died by poison.

The history of the death of Voltaire is covered by a cloud, through which the truth but feebly appears. A curé, who had converted the Abbé de Latteignant, an abbé without faith, and a poet without poesy, was desirous of also converting Voltaire; he wrote to him to ask an interview. Voltaire granted it, and said to him, "I shall say to you the same thing which I said in giving my benediction to the grandson of the wise and illustrious Franklin—*God and Liberty*! I am eighty-four years old; I am soon to appear before God, the Creator of all worlds. It is what I shall still say." "Ah, Monsieur," said the curé, "how well recompensed should I consider myself if you should become my convert! This merciful God does not desire your loss; turn to Him, since he turns to you."

"But I tell you that I love God," answered Voltaire. "That is much," answered the curé; "but it is necessary to give the proofs thereof, for an inactive love can never be the true love of God, which is active." The curé departed, he returned and obtained a very Christian profession of faith from the dying man; but the curé of Saint Sulpice lost all by wishing to have all. Jealous of being anticipated by another, he demanded a disavowal of all doctrines contrary to the faith. Voltaire, wearied, asked for a little repose in which to die. The curé of Saint Sulpice did not give up, braving the railleries of d'Alembert, Diderot, Condorcet, all the philosophers, who encouraged Voltaire to die as a sage, he continued to his last day to cry in his ear, "Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ?" According to Condorcet Voltaire responded, as weary of the contest, "In God's name, monsieur, do not talk any more about that man." I do not believe that he uttered this sacrilegious antithesis; or if he did say it, he had no longer his reason, as the curé affirms. I more incline to believe this simple answer reported by other contemporaries, "Let me die in peace."

He died three hours afterwards. His death was as disturbed as his life had been, and repose had not even then arrived for him. Paris rejected his body. They wished once again to exile him whom they had so often exiled. Voltaire had prepared a simple tomb in the cemetery at Ferney; in the soil where he had grown old and done good, they would not even let him have this scrap of earth which was his own. It was decided that he who had built a church had no right of citizenship in its grave-yard. The Abbé Mignot, his nephew, carried off the body of the poet in all haste to the monastery of which he was the head. The Bishop of Troyes, however, indignant that such a man should lie in the holy land of his diocese, sent to forbid his interment. It was too late; Voltaire was sealed beneath one of the chapels; the prior was, however, turned out.

Voltaire has been avenged by all the reasonable men of the times. Ferney still attracts philosophic pilgrims. The King of Prussia ordered a solemn service in the Catholic church of Berlin, where the whole of his academy appeared; and at the head of his army, whilst defending the rights of the princes of the Empire, wrote the eulogy of his friend the poet. The Empress of Russia also wrote the eulogy of Voltaire. A great lady, the Marquise de Boufflers, who was not a poet, became one to sing Voltaire.

Voltaire returned again to Paris for the last time. Twelve years after his death the Pantheon opened her doors to him triumphantly. At this hour Jean Jacques Rousseau and François Marie Arouet de Voltaire; he who consoled in his sadness, and he who saddened in his gaiety; he who bore proudly his poverty, and he who bore nobly his wealth; he who sought divine verity with the solitary lamp, and he who sought the sovereign reason with his hand full of firebrands,—these two men who saved the eighteenth century by their greatness, and who lived as enemies,—these two rash philosophers, who dared to interrogate heaven without falling on their knees, repose beneath the same vault, reunited by the hand of God!

If you would find Voltaire elsewhere than in his books, do not go to Ferney. He was its soul, its fortune, its grandeur. At the present day Ferney is a ruin without majesty, a commonplace ruin, which does not retain a

single souvenir of Voltaire. Do not go to the Pantheon, a sepulchre without grandeur, where the explanatory words of a prattling guide disturb the solemn silence of the illustrious dead. He is at Versailles, the true Pantheon of France, painted by Largillière, in all his passionate youth and all his sarcastic humor. A portrait is more eloquent than a tomb.

Reviews.

CALIFORNIA.

Six Months in the Gold Mines, from a Journal of three years' Residence in Upper and Lower California, 1847-8-9. By E. Gould Buffum, Lieutenant, first regiment New York Volunteers. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.

Sketches of Scenery and Notes of Personal Adventure in California and Mexico. Containing 16 lithographic plates. By William M'Ilvaine, jun. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Romance of the Ocean: a Narrative of the Voyage of the Wildfire to California. Illustrated with stories, anecdotes, &c. By Fanny Foley, one of the passengers, daughter of an officer of the Medical Staff. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.

MR. BUFFUM was a first lieutenant in Colonel Stevenson's celebrated regiment which sailed from New York in September, 1846. At the time of the discovery of the *placers* he was enjoying a life of "Eastern luxuriance" in the beautiful little town of La Paz, Lower California. But the stories of the gold mines which were constantly reaching his ears in common with all the residents of the country, produced a feverish restlessness and anxiety to visit the scenes of such untold wealth. He waited with impatience for the disbanding of his detachment, which was released in September, 1848, and together with several companions set out on his journey for the mines. They started for the Yuba River, but such was their impatience that they neglected to supply themselves with the necessary tools and provisions for such an expedition; and, consequently, after enduring many hardships and privations, which they little expected, they determined to return to Sutter's Fort, on the Sacramento River, and make a fresh start. It was the 1st of December when the party set out for the "dry diggings," where they intended to pass the winter. They, however, stopped at Weaver's Creek, and pitched their tent on a spot which they concluded to make their home, having exhausted their last dollar in the transportation of their stores. But what was poverty! "there," says he, "before us, on the banks of that pretty stream, and in the neighboring gorges, lay the treasures that were to replenish our pockets." A Pactolus rolled by their camp.

It was necessary to make provision for a more permanent dwelling in anticipation of the rainy season. They set about to construct a log-house, but fortune smiled on them in an opportunity which was offered to purchase one. It was "a little box of unhewn logs, about twenty feet long by ten wide," the price *five hundred dollars*, and for which they were to have a *credit*—a liberal extension of the mode of doing business in California, which is uniformly cash and payable in advance.

They were fairly installed in their winter quarters, and ready to go to work. They had made an accession to their company, which now consisted of ten. Here the reader may

gather an idea of their appearance and their terms of operation.

"We were a queer-looking party. I had thrown aside all little ornaments of dress, and made my best bow before the gold-digging public in red flannel and corduroy. Bob [a Marquesas Islander] was the only member of the concern who retained what he had always in his own land considered his peculiar ornament. Right glad would he have been to rid himself of it now, poor fellow, but it was too indelibly stamped to allow of removal. It was a broad piece of blue tattooing that covered his eye on one side, and the whole cheek on the other, and gave him the appearance of a man looking from behind a blue screen. Our partnership did not extend to a community of labor in gold-digging, but only to a sharing of the expenses, trials, and labors of our winter life."

We can well imagine with what delightful feelings a man contemplates the result of his first day's successful diggings. There must be an intoxicating pleasure in handling the little grains of pure gold, fresh from mother earth, dug by your hands in its unsullied state, before it has been made the "common drudge 'tween man and man." There is an innocence and a purity in its very touch. And as we read Mr. Buffum's description, it makes us almost forget the miseries of Cape Horn and the Isthmus, and wish that we, too, were there bending, with pick and pan, over a rich "pocket."

"I shall never forget the delight with which I first struck and worked out a crevice. It was the second day after our installation in our little log hut; the first having been employed in what is called 'prospecting,' or searching for the most favorable place at which to commence operations. I had slung pick, shovel, and bar upon my shoulder, and trudged merrily away to a ravine about a mile from our house. Pick, shovel, and bar did their duty, and I soon had a large rock in view. Getting down into the excavation I had made, and seating myself upon the rock, I commenced a careful search for a crevice, and at last found one extending longitudinally along the rock. It appeared to be filled with a hard, bluish clay and gravel, which I took out with my knife, and there at the bottom, strewn along the whole length of the rock, was bright yellow gold, in little pieces about the size and shape of a grain of barley. Eureka! Oh how my heart beat! I sat still and looked at it some minutes before I touched it, greedily drinking in the pleasure of gazing upon gold that was in my very grasp, and feeling a sort of independent bravado in allowing it to remain there. When my eyes were sufficiently feasted, I scooped it out with the point of a knife and an iron spoon, and placing it in my pan, ran home with it very much delighted. I weighed, and found that my first day's labor in the mines had made me thirty-one dollars richer than I was in the morning."

The party's first day's labor produced one hundred and fifty dollars, and, at the end of a week, they had dug out more than a thousand dollars; and yet they were not satisfied. Some of their neighbors they heard were doing better. This restlessness and greediness are very common among the miners. They frequently desert a "hole" at which they are doing remarkably well, for the purpose of seeking another where they can do better; and in many instances they find, to their disappointment, that they do worse. The common and wholesome rule, "leave well enough alone," is not much observed by the gold-diggers. Their extraordinary avidity is often a barrier to their success. They continue to labor and expose themselves unnecessarily, which, producing sickness and disease, they often die in the very midst of their prosperity.

Mr. Buffum and his companions could not listen with calmness and contentment to the extravagant reports, from other regions, of "big lumps" and "big piles;" so off they started north, to the Middle Fork, fully anticipating a day's labor to yield from one to two hundred dollars each man. They were not disappointed, and the narrative here is full of brilliant success in their gold-digging. These bloated accounts of good fortune fill us to excess; and we confess we are fatigued at their enumeration. The first day, "ere night," says he, "four of us had dug and washed twenty-six ounces of gold, being about four hundred and sixteen dollars."

The next day, "we struck a red, stony gravel that appeared perfectly alive with gold, shining and pure."

"We made six washings during the day, and placed in our common purse that night a little over two pounds—about four hundred dollars in gold dust."

Another day, "the last spoonful I took from the pocket was nearly pure gold in little lumpy pieces."

"After two hours' work, I succeeded in finding a 'pocket,' out of which I extracted three lumps of pure gold, and one small piece mixed with oxydized quartz. Elated with my good luck, I returned to camp, and weighing the gold, found the first lot amounted to twelve and a half ounces, or two hundred dollars, and the four lumps last found, to weigh sixteen and three-quarter ounces." Pretty well, we think, for one day's work for one man! But we have enough of such voluptuous accounts. It is the old story, of wonders in California, with which the press has teemed from the first discovery of the gold mines. In many respects, California is like a quackery in medicine—it always cures, never kills; the fact is, the one is duly published to the world with a grand flourish of trumpets, the other is quietly buried in oblivion.

It is but fair, that by the side of such glowing descriptions, we should glance at the other side of the picture. We therefore commend the following to the attention of those who have a mind for gold-digging, that they may the better know what to expect:

"I would advise all who are in good positions at home to remain there. The labor and hardships consequent upon the life of a gold-digger are of the most severe and arduous nature. Prying and breaking up huge rocks, shovelling dirt, washing it with wet feet all day, and sleeping on the damp ground at night, with nothing above but a thin covering of canvas, or a leaky log roof, are not by any means agreeable to one who has been accustomed to the civilized life of cities.

"I hesitate not to say, that the labor of gold-digging is unequalled by any other in the world in severity. It combines within itself the various arts of canal digging, ditching, laying stone walls, ploughing, and hoeing potatoes—and adding to this a life in the wilds of the mountains, living upon poor provisions, continually exposed to the burning rays of the sun or the heavy dews of night, and the occupation becomes anything but a pleasant one.

"Never come without money, as gold is not to be found in the streets of San Francisco.

"It (California) is as yet an unpromising region for what are called the 'learned professions,' and I would advise no more 'of that ilk' to wend this way. The country is already overrun with young lawyers and doctors, who are too feeble physically to succeed as gold-diggers, and seek in vain for fees."

From much good advice we have selected the above, which is not only the experience

of Mr. Buffum, but the experience of every man who has resided for any length of time in California. That thousands have gone there totally unfitted to endure the hardships and privations of the country no one can deny. What are the situations then of these "young clerks" and men of the "learned profession," and the "Broadway dandy who never handled an instrument heavier than a whalebone walking-stick?" Some of them sad indeed. They may daily be found in very novel vocations—such as draymen, porters, laborers, and occasionally you may meet with an old companion, who once revelled in "white kids" and "perfumed mouchoir," now serving you as waiter in a restaurant. Necessity is a hard task-master; and from an easy, gentlemanly kind of life, many a poor fellow has been obliged to come down to hard and laborious work.

We knew a reverend gentleman who came with a good outfit from his late congregation in the States, and well supplied with testimonials from philanthropic and missionary societies at home. He showed us a trunk full of sermons, his stock on hand, to commence planting the gospel in this far western region. But finding religion at rather a low ebb in San Francisco, and being unable with all his credentials to establish a congregation, he turned his small available means and his attention to the keeping of a public-house, a vocation which at that time promised exorbitant profits. Thus from the pulpit he turned to the bar. The clergy are proverbially bad men of business, and unfit for secular pursuits. Whether it was this or a dislike on the part of the public to patronize this kind of a parsonage, he failed, went to ruin, and his stock in trade was sold at public vendue, to satisfy the demands of his creditors. We saw him a short time after looking not very clerical, and engaged in the smaller business of retailing gingerbread and pies. Here also he was not very successful; and the last time we saw him, he told us that he was making arrangements to go to the mines, but whether to preach or to dig, he did not inform us. It mattered little, for he was about as fit for the one as the other.

No one has any occasion to manufacture anecdotes of this kind; they are indigenous to the soil, and ready to hand. Human nature is to be seen in all its phases at one glance in California; in its power and pride; in its adversity and humiliation—sometimes assuming the most ludicrous and humorous pictures, at others teaching lessons of the greatest sadness and sorrow.

Mr. Buffum's narrative contains the usual adventures common to most gold-diggers, of dangers, perils, hardships, privations, disappointments, successes. We cannot omit giving our readers the writer's account of a cheap breakfast.

"We ate and drank," says he, "with great gusto, and when we had concluded our repast called for the bill. It was such a curiosity in the annals of a retail grocery business that I preserved it, and here are the items. It may remind some of Falstaff's famous bill for bread and sack:—

One box of sardines, . . .	\$16.00
One pound of hard bread, . .	2.00
One pound of butter, . . .	6.00
A half-pound of cheese, . .	3.00
Two bottles of ale, . . .	16.00
Total, . . .	\$43.00

To those of us who live where Croton water is plenty, and where oysters, ice-creams, and

other luxuries may be had for a mere song, there is nothing very inviting in this repast which cost forty-three dollars; yet we can well imagine with what eagerness he sat down to such a feast.

Mr. Buffum did not escape the *land scurvy*, a disease very prevalent and fatal at the mines. It is caused by constant exposure and living on salt meat, and being entirely deprived of a vegetable diet. It is a horrible disease, and gives to the sufferer a most distressing appearance. The first case which we witnessed, was at Sacramento city, and under circumstances somewhat peculiar. We were attending a public auction, when the salesman was rattling off, among other things, a cargo of potatoes which had just arrived from San Francisco, at the moderate price of forty-five to fifty cents a pound. There was a motley crowd around him of teamsters, miners, traders, &c. It was a lively scene. The auctioneer was shouting "Going! Going!" when suddenly he paused, and fixing his keen eyes upon a poor miserable looking object, who was leaning against the sample bag of potatoes, he cried, "My good man, don't eat those raw potatoes! Going! Going! Going!" And there stood a poor creature devouring with a greedy appetite raw potatoes! eating them as we would an apple or a peach. He had just returned from the mines, and had the scurvy. God help him, we thought, and turned from the scene, sickened at the sight of a man reduced to the misery of eating raw potatoes.

Mr. Buffum gives short sketches of the old and new towns of California; among the former, Monterey, Santa Barbara (a delightful place to live in), and San Diego. The new towns are in their infancy, and pretty much under the special guardianship of Speculators—a class of men which the country might very well dispense with. Mr. B. gives a glowing description of a certain embryo city, ye!ept "New York of the Pacific." He predicts that it will become a most important place. Perhaps so; but at present it cannot boast half a dozen houses, and one would be at a loss to know that there was a town there at all unless particularly informed of the fact. We suspect Mr. B. of having a more than common interest in the spot—perhaps he is the possessor of a few 50 vara lots in the neighborhood; or may be, with the gratitude of a soldier, he is putting in a good word for his old Colonel, who is one of the original proprietors of "New York on the Pacific."

The volume closes with a chapter on Lower California, where Mr. B. was stationed with his detachment for a period of six months. He describes this part of the country as one of the most delightful in the world; its climate, healthiness, and productions administering to a life of eastern luxuriance and ease. The manners and habits of the people are somewhat peculiar. We introduce the reader to the fair sex.

"But the women, 'Heaven's last, best work,' how shall I describe them. They are found in Lower California of all shades, from the blackest ebony to the whitest lily. Where such a variety of color could have arisen, I cannot imagine. Their dress is usually a skirt, merely reaching to the waist, while above this, is a white bodice which does not reach quite so high in the neck as is required by the strict rules of feminine modesty. They wear no hats or bonnets, but in lieu of them a *reboso* is thrown around their heads and falls in graceful folds over their shoulders. Many of them go barefoot, and very few wear stockings, considering them an unnecessary luxury.

"Simple as are these articles of dress, the La Paz girls delight as much as their more refined sis-

ters in our northern cities in exhibiting themselves to advantage. I have seen a fair *Señorita* on her way to church as barefooted as the day she first trod the earth, carrying on her shoulders a beautiful silk *reboso*, which must have cost a hundred dollars. The ladies all indulge in the 'amiable weakness' of smoking cigaritos, and the blue wreaths are curling about their dark faces from morning to night."

The state of morals he describes as very degrading, and the precepts of Christianity almost totally disregarded. The common vices of the clergy are gambling, and an abandonment of their vows of chastity. He gives us an instance of his playing *monté* with a Padre, who paused during the game, with the apology that he had to go and baptize a child, but would soon return again to resume the play. Still Mr. B. enjoyed himself—luxuriating in the refreshing shades of tamarind and fig trees, in company with beautiful *señoritas*, beguiling the time in listening to their sweet and enchanting sounds of music.

We here part company with Mr. Buffum. He claims more than common consideration from the facts of his having been "attracted to California by other charms than those of gold, a resident within her borders for nearly three years, conversant with the language, manners, and customs of her inhabitants, an observer of her wonderful growth, and a gold-digger for six months." It was written in California, where the author now resides; and we commend it as a book containing much useful information in a very readable style.

The Sketches of Scenery, by Mr. Milvaine, is a faithfully executed work, with the stamp of authenticity. From personal observation we may bear witness to its general correctness. The city and commercial fleet of San Francisco, Sutter's Mill and Fort, the latter rather more picturesquely presented than on the spot, the artist's pencil covering the shabbiness of dilapidated adobe walls, the characteristic scenes at the "diggings," at Wood's Creek and the Towalunne, and particularly the very faithful sketch of Sacramento City, with its "City Hotel," borrowed from the original mill seat—these are all valuable additions to our stock of knowledge of this wonderful region. The letter-press, which accompanies the sketches, is confined to a few brief entries of travel and explanation of the localities. The Mexican scenery is selected with an eye to the picturesque; and there is an interesting personal account of the traveller's visit to a convent at Acapulco, with a night's adventures at Zumpango, which recalls the ludicrous inn scenes of Don Quixote, or those wild phantasmal night pictures of Seatsfield, where heaven, earth, and hell seem mingled in some St. Anthony's vision.

Fanny Foley belongs to the class of California books; though that lively lady, a *nomme de plume* akin to the Grace Greenwoods, Fanny Forresters, and worthy of association with the best of them, only reaches in this instalment of her letters to a dear friend the borders of the land of promise, or as she styles San Francisco, "the back door of our great republic." The liveliness of the magazines, the fun and sentiment which have been located at Saratoga or Newport, are here on ship-board, and a nice young ladies' time they have of it, quizzing the sailors, coquetting with the mate and chaplain, showing up the lady passengers, with a reasonable amount of piratical and romantic mysterious narrative and incident thrown in gratis. Fanny Foley is a lively nonsense supplement for the parlor talk to Graham and Sartain.

FLETCHER'S ASSYRIA.

Notes from Nineveh, and Travels in Mesopotamia, Assyria, and Syria. By the Rev. J. P. Fletcher. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.

This is a narrative of two years' residence and travel in the countries above named, beginning in 1842, or about three years before the investigations of Dr. Layard. As a fluently written account of travel in a region about which Dr. Layard's work has excited much interest, it is quite entertaining, though the style is too loose and wordy for picturesque effect, or, indeed, for any striking impression; as may be judged from the following sentences:—

"It is a general complaint among travelling Englishmen that our nation is not properly estimated by foreigners. Those, too, for whom we have expended both treasure and blood often seem the least disposed to acknowledge the debt, or to manifest any grateful recollection of it. Yet, to assume ourselves the innocent and blameless victims of unmerited dislike, however consoling it may be to the national vanity of the mass, would hardly satisfy the inquiries of a candid and philosophic mind into the cause of an alienation so generally admitted."

This, however, is an extreme instance. The book gives little or nothing that is new respecting the antiquities of Nineveh, and the chapters of Chaldean and Assyrian history do not appear to have been prepared with such care as would make them valuable as historical authority. Yet in running rapidly through the narrative we light upon many scenes and adventures of a character always interesting, even when not novel. For example:—

THE TOMB OF HENRY MARTYN.

"On leaving the Greek church (at Tocat) we proceeded to the Armenian cemetery, accompanied by an Armenian priest, whom we had encountered on the way. He was the individual who had performed the last rites of Christian burial over the remains of the devoted missionary, Martyn, who died here, on his way back to his native land, far from his fellow-countrymen, surrounded by strangers, and exposed to the brutality of his Tatar, who hurried him on without mercy, from stage to stage. The poor Armenians, however, did what they could; they tended his dying pillow, and they consigned his last relics to the dust, accompanied by the solemn, soothing rites of the Christian service. Their simple veneration for him outlasted the tomb, and the hands of the Christians of Tocat weed and tend the grave of the stranger from a distant isle. The Armenian priest who accompanied us stood for some moments with his turban off, at the head of the grave, engaged in prayer. As we turned to go away, he remarked, 'he was a martyr of Jesus Christ; may his soul rest in peace!' A few wild flowers were growing by the grave. I plucked one of them, and have regarded it ever since as the memorial of a martyr's resting-place."

LIFE AT MOSUL.

"It is most refreshing, during the burning heats of July, to walk with bare feet on the marble pavement of the room, or on the flags of the court. Even the fastidious sons and daughters of Europe agree during this period to eschew the use of stockings, and sometimes of shoes. One great drawback, however, to this pleasure is the abundance of scorpions and centipedes during the hot weather; you put your hand to the latch of your door, and a black and dangerous scorpion creeps out of the keyhole to exact vengeance for his disturbed peace and comfort. As you lie on your sofa, and stretch forth your fingers to grasp the beads, which are a constant appendage to every resident in the East, your hand falls upon a most unprepossessing-looking centipede, who has been quietly contemplating you for the last half hour."

"One evening I was seated barefoot in the middle of the court, and had just called for a

chibouque, regardless of a black round mass that lay near one of my feet; the servant came with the pipe in his hand, uttered an exclamation, and, hastily withdrawing his slipper, he inflicted two or three vigorous blows on the ground; astonished at the action, I looked in the direction of his attack, and beheld the crushed and battered form of a black scorpion, about five inches long. This incident made me more careful of going barefoot ever after."

LOCUSTS.

"Soon after my return, I was standing on my terrace, when my attention was attracted by what seemed to be a moving cloud. A dark compact body of insects came floating along from the west, while here and there a straggler lingered behind the others, and, after vain attempts to join the main column, fell exhausted on the terrace before me. I took up one of these in my hand, and was soon watching, with mingled curiosity and compassion, the last moments of an expiring locust. Despite their destructive qualities, I could not help pitying the poor weary insect, who, after a flight of so many miles, was doomed to sink down with the land of plenty before his eyes. A few minutes longer and he would have been banqueting with his more fortunate brethren on the olive trees of Bagh Sheikhah, or the corn-fields of old Nineveh. I placed a drop or two of water in the palm of my hand; he seemed to drink eagerly of the refreshing element; but his brief span of life was closing, and I laid him down to die."

"As the locusts proceeded, great numbers of them fell and covered the terraces of the city in heaps. Their color was a darkish yellow, and they were about an inch and a half in length. Their whole appearance resembled very much that of a grasshopper."

"The last straggler had crossed the Tigris, and the people around all appeared on the neighboring terraces furnished with large baskets, into which they threw whole heaps of the dead and dying insects. I was not sorry to get rid of them, on account of the stench which arose from their rapidly decaying bodies. The putrefaction of unburied locusts is said to have been the cause of plague in various parts of Asiatic Turkey. Their ravages are much dreaded, for they leave all the trees quite bare, stripping off even the hardest bark. I have heard that on some occasions they have entered houses in a body, and consumed everything that they could find."

A JUGGLER.

"A month or two after the arrival of the patriarch, an Italian conjuror made a visit to Mosul. He was skilful in his trade, and was very desirous of exhibiting his talents before the European residents of the city. Mar Shimon had expressed some curiosity to behold these performances, and it was thought that a little amusement might be acceptable in his distressed state of mind."

"A large saloon in B.'s house was cleared and prepared for the scene of action. At the upper end was a long table, behind which stood the juggler with his various apparatus. The Europeans and a large body of Nestorians, as many in fact as could crowd themselves into the room, were present. The patriarch seemed at first amused at the facetious tricks which were exhibited. He even laughed heartily at the surprise of some of his flock, who found articles of their property had suddenly been multiplied or annihilated by the Frank enchanter. At length, however, the conjuror proceeded to exhibit the abstruser mysteries of his art. The patriarch's face became gradually more serious, and his features at last assumed an expression of deep alarm. He rose hastily from his seat, and whispered to B., 'I can remain no longer, for surely the Evil One worketh through this man.'"

A MAGICIAN.

"As I was sitting, one evening, in my house at Mosul, endeavoring to extract some warmth from the wood fire which blazed before me, the servant announced an individual of singular appearance,

who, he said, wished to have some conversation with me. I bade my new visitor be seated, and handed him a pipe, while, during the customary salutations, I took a short survey of his figure and habiliments. He was a man of middle age, with a wild, haggard countenance, and dull, glassy eye, which, when seated, he fixed intently on one corner of the ceiling, and never took them off until his departure. I was wondering what he could have to say to me, but, after a short pause, he inquired abruptly, 'Do you not know me? I am a friend to the djin' (genii).'

"I now recollected that I had seen him exhibit some conjuring tricks at one of the houses in Mosul, and, after acknowledging the acquaintance, I asked what his business might be. He seemed scarcely to notice my question, but, after a little while, he said, 'Should you like to see the djin?'

"What do they resemble, O man? I inquired. 'Are they very frightful?'

"On my head, no," he answered. 'They are very handsome and comely, and there are those among them who are like the houries, which our Prophet—may he enjoy happiness!—promised to the true believers in Paradise. Doubtless you wonder that I should ask you if you would see them, but you will not be surprised when you hear the reason. Know, then, that the djin do not dress as the Easterns do; they are not habited in turbans, zeboons, and flowing abbas, but they appear in short coats of cloth, in pantour, and in hats.'

"Hats, do you say? I exclaimed."

"Upon my head, hats," he replied; 'and, from the similarity of dress, I presumed there might be some connexion between them and the Ingleez, the more particularly as your people are always digging for treasures, which every child knows are under the special guardianship of the djin. Thinking, therefore, that you might like to see them, I have brought a form of incantation, which, if you like, I will sell you for a few piastres.'

"I took the paper he offered me, and found it was composed of a number of Arabic words, which to me were perfectly unintelligible, written round a kind of circle divided into four compartments, each of which was inscribed with the name of an angel."

"How is this to be used? I inquired."

"You must draw a circle on the floor at midnight," he said, 'with the blood of a black cock. You must then place within it four vessels of incense towards the four corners of the earth. When these rites have been duly performed, light the incense, and begin to read from the paper. The genii will then appear on every side of you, and, it may be, will tempt you to step out of the circle, which you must on no account do, or you will be torn in pieces by them. As long as you remain within, ask any questions you choose, and they must answer. Nay, should you command them to show you the palaces of Nimroud the Accursed, they are bound to obey.'

"Feeling, however, in nowise inclined to figure in a Der Freyschütz scene of this kind, I returned him his paper, and addressed him on the folly and wickedness of his pretensions. He still persisted, however, that he was in league with the djin; nor could he see any impropriety in practising an art which had always been tolerated by El Islam. Finding, at last, that I declined purchasing his wares, he took his departure. What struck me as most singular in this interview was his assertion that the genii resembled in their appearance the natives of Europe. The same thing, however, was told me by a heathen in India respecting the evil spirits who were supposed to haunt a wood in the neighborhood of his village. They appeared, he said, in English dresses, used English oaths, and were carried about in palanquins. This differs greatly from our common notion of the supernatural world, according to which we are accustomed to depict immortal forms as resembling Orientals, and clothed in all the flowing drapery of the East."

EASTERN LADIES.

"The bath supplies the same source of recrea-

tion to an Eastern lady that balls and parties do to their European sisters. Here each khatoun (madam, mistress, or lady) meets her female friends, discusses scandal and fashions, and deplores the jealousy or inconstancy of her husband. Sometimes curiosity leads a European lady to the bath, which she has no sooner entered than a loquacious and inquisitive crowd surrounds her. All flock to examine the dress and the appearance of the stranger, and it is well if she is enabled to escape, uninjured in temper or equanimity, from their searching scrutiny.

"At home, the Eastern woman is a very child in her language, thoughts, and habits. European ladies have told me of their interrupting the mistress of a Turkish mansion in the agreeable pastime of throwing pillows at her attendants, while sometimes she has been discovered demolishing whole platefuls of sweetmeats. The rank of the husband never relieves the wife from the necessity of superintending the culinary preparations of the household. Even the spouse of a pasha usually cooks her husband's dinner, of which, however, she does not partake.

"We often form exaggerated notions of the unhappiness of Turkish women; yet we must remember that what would be considered here a degradation would there be looked upon as a necessary part of female modesty. An Oriental female would deem herself lowered in the opinion of others, and in her own, if she went unveiled, or sat down at the same table with men. The customs, therefore, which impose these restrictions upon her are regarded by her as deductions from the natural rules of right conduct, and are, therefore, not felt as degrading, or even as tyrannical. Were the Oriental female solicited to go about as European ladies do, she would reject the suggestion as a most grievous insult.

"One peculiarity in the social parties of the East is the absence of all females. Among the Christians, women sometimes sit down with their husbands and receive their guests, if those guests are Europeans; but this is rarely, if ever, done when the persons invited are Orientals. It is considered also indecent for people of different sexes to be seen together in public, although the closest ties of relationship may exist between them. I shall never forget the unqualified stare of astonishment with which an Eastern lady regarded me when I informed her that in England husbands walked abroad in company with their wives.

"An Oriental friend, having entertained the idea of marrying a European, applied to me for information respecting the probable wants and requirements of his future bride in prospectu. His countenance lengthened as I enlarged upon the necessity of allowing his wife to mix in society where males were admitted, and of tolerating her going abroad without a veil. After a few moments' thought, however, he said—

"All this, I suppose, is right, according to the customs of the Franks; and, as I must not expect her to change the habits in which she has been educated, I suppose I must consent to her following manners to which, I own, my Eastern mind is repugnant. But is there anything else?"

"Yes," I replied; "you must give her your arm when she has a mind to walk abroad."

"That," he replied, "I will not and cannot do. But is it absolutely necessary?"

"It is," I answered.

"Then the marriage is at an end," observed he, decidedly; "for, were she a houri from Paradise, I would never have her on those terms."

"The early age at which Easterns generally marry tends to prevent the occurrence of much evil, and acts as a restraint to vicious habits. But a young couple do not, as with us, immediately commence housekeeping on their own account. The newly-wedded pair reside with the father and mother of the husband, and continue in their house sometimes for years. I know of no sight more interesting than that of an aged Oriental, with his long grey beard and venerable aspect, presiding over a whole circle of married sons. It has often brought vividly before me the patriarchs of Holy Writ."

THE ROMAÏKA.

"As the evening drew on, a band of musicians, who had arrived from Mosul, began to play in the midst of the encampment, while three of the Albanians danced the Romaïka with great spirit. The attitudes of this celebrated dance struck me as awkward and inelegant; but there was a wild savage air about it which agreed tolerably with the appearance and apparel of the performers. An old man with a cracked voice began to sing a very nasal ditty about the chains and torments of love; but the sentiments, however naturally poetical they might be in the abstract, derived little embellishment from the manner in which they were set forth. A musical Albanian nearly excited a quarrel, in his attempt to possess himself of one of the singer's guitars; but a few paras arranged matters, and he was allowed the loan of the instrument. He seated himself on the grass, with a circle of his companions around him, and, with a fearful grimace, which was evidently an attempt to look interesting and sentimental, he shouted forth a ditty, the refrain of which greatly resembled in sound the syllables bow wow. I was told, however, that it was a very romantic lament, poured forth by a despairing swain to some iron-hearted beauty, who was eventually so overcome by it that she bestowed on the singer her hand and heart. The rude mercenaries seemed much affected by it, perhaps because it reminded them of their distant mountain-land."

A CHALDEAN LADY'S TOILETTE.

"The next day after our arrival, we visited another Chaldean gentleman, whom we had seen before at Mosul, and were introduced to his wife and mother-in-law. The former was very youthful in her appearance, and seemed shy and timid; but her mother was extremely lively and talkative. Notwithstanding that most Eastern women seem to grow old prematurely, this lady did not appear much more than twenty-eight. Her manners were as polished and cultivated as any of her sex and station in Europe; nor did there seem any want of what some people call civilization, which, after all, is little better than a species of conventional hypocrisy. Both the ladies were richly attired, and wore a kind of round silver head-piece, bound round with folds of muslin. Their jackets were trimmed with gold lace, and rich shawls surrounded their waists. Their nails were stained with henna, a most odious custom in the eyes of a European, since it always seems as though the lady had just been digging up the ground with her fingers, and had retained about them some of the mould. Nor did the nose jewel appear a more appropriate ornament, though its antiquity pleads somewhat in its favor. I remember hearing, on one occasion, that a Frank was asked by some pasha or governor whether Europeans put rings in the noses of their women, to which the reply was, greatly to his excellency's astonishment without doubt, 'No, but we sometimes insert them in the snouts of our pigs.'"

Supplement to Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing of the United States, and British Provinces of North America. By Henry William Herbert. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

An elegantly printed 8vo. of some ninety pages, written and published to correct some of the errors and supply some of the omissions in Mr. Herbert's previous work.

Without complaining of, or even noticing the somewhat severe criticism with which the latter was received, he openly states that he has been betrayed into some misstatements, which, now that he has ascertained them to be so, he is anxious to rectify. It appears that our author intended in this supplement to have included an account of some of our southern fish, but has been disappointed in obtaining specimens. He, however, adds seven varieties of salmonidae found in the

rivers that flow into the Pacific, and also several new northern fish.

Among the corrections, we notice that the author has arrived at a more correct idea of the weight and size of our "Brook Trout," and also that he pleads guilty to the having wrongfully defamed the character of the Lake Trout.

We also notice a chapter upon the latter fish, another upon Trout fishing, and yet another upon trolling for Lake Trout, which are understood to be from the pen of one of our most noted and successful "fly fishers," whose modesty prevents Mr. Herbert from introducing as other than his "special correspondent."

Here is a morceau relating the capture of

"A HUGE LAKE TROUT."

"I have killed them from one to sixteen and a half pounds. The sixteen and a half pounds Lake Trout was hooked by me, on a single gut leader; from the time I struck him, till his capture, was one hour and forty-five minutes. During the first half hour, he showed great bad temper, and kept the perspiration flowing off my head; he did sulk for half an hour, but it was a moving and a dragging sulk, unlike the salmon; and during this sulk he took me along the lake for about a mile; I became fatigued, and bore so heavy on him that I got him near the surface, and from that time until his death, was one continual run and fight. He had not the vivacity of the nine and a quarter pound fish, but still I had 'my hands full,' and was effectually 'used up' when he was gaffed by Cowles, my guide."

This is deliciously cool and refreshing to read on a warm evening. The idea of a poor devil of a trout with a hook in his maw, mouth, or gill, gasping, drowning, tugging away, to save life at an expense of intense bodily pain, and then showing great bad temper, being decidedly sulky,—pouting perhaps—is the most amusing thing we have heard of this day. Why, such a fish would grumble at being hung.

The book concludes with a very curious chart for the use of "deep sea," or rather salt water fishermen, showing the time when, manner how, &c., to take a number of the game "salts." This chart is generally correct, although we must here record our caveat to the tyro upon one or two points: e.g. Shad-roe is recommended as bait for the Striped Bass in rivers, when it is known to every experienced angler, that it is only in those streams where the Shad frequent, that the bait is of use. For sheepshead, we would advise shedder crab, or, if clams be used, that they be opened. The weight of the latter fish he rates altogether too high, and instructs the angler to let him run and strike himself, when the fish must be treated much as you would the "Tautog" or Black Fish. Above all things, let the tyro abstain from the use of "Fiddlers" as bait for anything that wears fins. If he can obtain no other, let him hang his rod up in his villa for the day.

The supplement has, however, been very carefully written, with a view to avoid error. It is embellished with a beautiful colored plate of artificial flies, the paper and typography faultless, and the whole affair reflects much credit upon author and publishers.

For the benefit of the naturalist and the angler, we hope Mr. Herbert may proceed with his ichthyological researches, and reap both honor and profit to himself therefrom.

CONVERSATION.—Let your subject be something of necessity and use; something that may advance the love and practice of virtue, reform the passions, or instruct the understanding.—*Epicuretus*.

DEAN'S MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

Principles of Medical Jurisprudence, designed for the Professions of Law and Medicine. By Amos Dean, Counsellor at Law, and Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Albany Medical College. Albany: Gould, Banks, and Gould. New York: Banks, Gould & Co. 1850.

THE great advances that have been made of late years in the science of medicine, and the vast amount of light which recent discoveries and improvements have thrown upon it, render the principles of medical jurisprudence and their practical application, subjects of much more satisfactory investigation and ascertainable results than they once were. Of course there is no progress in the professions of medicine and surgery, which does not furnish its contribution to that branch of the law which demands the examination of the settled facts and principles which such a progress serves to establish and elucidate. The most important departments of criminal law often depend, for their just administration, upon the degree of certainty with which those facts and principles can be brought to bear upon doubtful and complicated circumstances, entirely dependent upon them for a solution. Take, for example, the late case at Boston, which has not yet ceased to agitate the community with so many doubts, discussions, and most interesting speculations. There is no doubt that without the testimony of Dr. Keep, the prosecution, notwithstanding all their array of circumstantial evidence, would have failed in proving the main point—the *corpus delicti*—the identity of the remains discovered as the body of Dr. Parkman. The weight to be given to this testimony of Dr. Keep depended very much upon the degree of confidence to be reposed in the accuracy of the results to which, as a scientific man, he had come, and which he had imparted as a witness. The result showed that the court and jury, if no others, were fully convinced that even after an interval of three or four years, the false teeth manufactured by Dr. Keep for Dr. Parkman were capable of recognition by him, and had been by easy and almost infallible tests so recognised. Without expressing any opinion upon the controlling preponderance against Webster, which was given to these facts upon the trial to the exclusion of contradictory testimony, it certainly shows how intimate is the connexion between the sciences of law and medicine in their practical operation.

The first valuable contribution to the science of medical jurisprudence made in this country was from the hands of Dr. Beck, whose work has been for many years an authority of high standing in this important branch of law. The present work is by a townsman of Dr. Beck, Mr. Dean of Albany, a lawyer of much experience in those departments of practice to which his work relates, while a professorship of eleven years' standing in the Medical College at Albany has familiarized him with the habit of conveying to others the results of his own researches. The volume before us, though not as voluminous or expanded as some prior treatises on the same subject, has been prepared after laborious examinations of them, and with a view to present in as condensed a form as possible the topics on which they treat.

Dr. Dean arranges the subjects of discussion into five classes. The first includes questions arising out of the relations of sex; the second those dealing with *injuries* inflicted upon the physical frame, including the effects of wounds, poisons, &c.; the third those arising out of

diseases disqualifying from the exercise of rights and the performance of duties, principally insanity; the fourth those which are the result of feigned and pretended diseases; and the fifth, miscellaneous questions, such as age, identity, presumption of survivorship, life assurance, and medical evidence.

These various departments of the work abound in the proof of diligent investigation and analysis. They present also a most interesting view of the various branches of the science to which they relate, and as there is hardly a statement in the entire work unsupported by a reference to leading authorities or adjudged cases, the care and conscientiousness of the author are manifest throughout, and add great weight to his conclusions.

The Angel World, and other Poems. By Philip James Bailey, Author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

THE *Angel World* is a very singular production; mystical, gorgeous in its imagery, and written in a style of extreme carelessness, as if in defiance of all the rules of melody and rhythm. It is difficult to penetrate the bewildering confusion of ideas, and discover the *subject* of the poem. After a careful perusal, we arrive at the uncertain conclusion that Redemption was the theme; and subsequent reflection too has in some measure confirmed that opinion. Unintelligibility of this description is a great defect, and compels the reader to form an opinion solely from occasional beauties of thought, scattered unconnectedly over a dreary expanse of puzzling mysticism.

The following is a magnificent description, and may be cited as a favorable illustration of the author's command over words:—

"At once
That senseless dream to dissipate, lo! there rushed,
Out of a cave, with toppling crags o'erhung,
A huge monster, such as never Night
With murderer's mind engendered, when his heart
Lay panting underneath the conscience pang—
Like fawn beneath a wolf's jaw. Dragon-like
In lengthening volumes stretched his further part,
Incisibly curled: but in the front,
On one wide neck a hundred heads he reared,
Which spake with every mouth a hundred tongues,
Through teeth of serried daggers black with blood
The breath he drew in day he breathed out night.
And he descended to the sea to drink,
Though close by his cave a cool bright river ran;
For it was thirst the monster better loved
Than aught that thirst could quench. The abhorrent
sea

Shrank backwards, tide by tide; but he pursued,
Triumphing in its fascinating fear.
Into the very midst:—then gorged, returned,
Soul-sodden to the shore, where prone he lay
Before his horrid hold; with stormy joy
Gnashing his steely teeth, and with his tail,
Now close contorted, and now far out launched,
Sweeping the shiny slime of the wide sea sands."

An angelic nature is depicted with great beauty:—

"My sweet and sacred sister. She with me
Once in the happy past, and innocent, lived
A pure perpetual blessing; from her hand
Came boundless bounties; not a word she spake
But seemed a benediction; her bright heart
With lovelight glowed, for ever at the full.
In days of old o'er all the orb she ranged,
And reigned where'er she ranged. All things rejoiced
In her ecstatic advent. By her touch
The thrall a throned prince became; the dead
Dawned into life; o'er all things spread the spell
Of her resplendent presence. That they touched
Her very footsteps gladdened, as the waves
Leap into light and vanish in a smile."

Here is a decidedly new description of daybreak:—

"Morn like a maiden glancing o'er her pearls,
Streamed o'er the manna-dew, as though the ground
Were sown with stardew."

Mr. Bailey appears to be extremely fond of baffling the reader by employing words which, although probably contained in Anglo-Ten-tonic dictionaries, are seldom met with in general literature. For example, such words

as "galactic," "astroeidal," "aphanism," &c., are scattered about as if on purpose to puzzle the unclassical reader. This is the worst form of pedantry, and is especially misplaced in a work apparently devoted to the investigation of a subject in which all are vitally concerned. When we consider the great poetical power displayed in this production, and the many beauties it contains, we cannot avoid lamenting its obscurity of purpose and general vagueness—defects that must confine its appreciation to the drowsy admirers of metaphysical speculation.

The other poems in this volume are, fortunately, of a clearer nature; but appear tame and commonplace in comparison with their dark and mysterious combination. The following is a beautiful example of the music of "flowing numbers":—

LOVERS.

"The rose is weeping for her love,
The Nightingale;
And he is flying fast above,
To her he will not fail.
Already golden eve appears,
He wings his way along;
Ah! look, he comes to kiss her tears,
And soothe her with his song.
"The moon in pearly light may steep
The still blue air;
The rose hath ceased to droop and weep,
For lo! her love is there.
He sings to her, and o'er the trees
She hears his sweet notes swim;
The world may weary; she but sees
Her love, and hears but him."

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

The 23d Annual Report of the Board of Trustees of the Northern Dispensary. 1850.

THREE of these establishments exist in this city, and one above 50th street is in contemplation. Both in this city, and in Europe, where they abound, there are those which do good and those that are little beneficial. The City Dispensary, by a series of years of bad government, has dwindled down, not in the number of its patients, but in the character and efficiency of its medical men. How could it be otherwise when its management rests on the hands of a few who imagine that the years they have been attached to the institution have necessarily brought knowledge of its needs and requirements with them! We are happy to know that the Northern Dispensary is really flourishing and doing good; which is, in a very great degree, owing to the gentlemanly and efficient action of its board of direction. The following we quote from the London Daily News on a similar topic:—

"It is only the younger aspirants for the future honor of hospital physiciacies and surgeoncies that will undertake dispensary practice. It is here, we think, an abuse commences. As a rule, not without its exceptions, dispensaries do not pay their surgeons and physicians; the consequence is, that few men of any practice or standing in the profession will take these offices. They are generally filled by young men whose object is either the learning their profession or the bringing their names, through the medium of the dispensary advertisements, before the public. We do not say that in all cases the duties of the physician and surgeon are imperfectly and carelessly performed. But we do say, that the system of gratuitous attendance in these dispensaries exacted from the younger members of the medical profession acts most prejudicially on the attainments of the objects of these institutions; and an array of physicians' and surgeons' names attached to a dispensary letter is frequently a blind and a snare, and no indication of the amount of benefit to be derived from it by the sick poor. It is not unfrequently the case that the more medical officers there are attached to a dispensary the less likelihood there is of anything like efficient assistance

being rendered." This arises from the practice of making the retiring physicians and surgeons consulting physicians and surgeons, or the adding new officers when the old ones, having more to do than is consistent with giving gratuitous medical advice, still wish to keep their names before the public in the dispensary advertisements.

"We do not know that the physicians and surgeons are more to blame for this state of things than the managers and supporters of the dispensaries; but certainly, somehow or another, medical men are more fond of working for nothing than any other class in the community. Is there a post, however dangerous, physician to a cholera hospital, surgeon to a Niger expedition, pay or none is of no consequence, up start a hundred disciples of *ÆSCULAPIUS* ready to run risks in comparison with which a Polar expedition with Sir John Ross, or a journey to Timbuctoo, is as a fleabite. And all this without pay or glory. Who ever thinks of the fifteenth part of the whole medical profession in Ireland slain in one year in 1846-7 of typhus? Who cares for the memory of the noble men who died whilst fighting our great foe, the cholera? There is no glory for them, nor the hope of it; and we believe that where danger is greatest there a sense of duty is the prompter of the medical hero. But the motive which is undoubtedly uppermost in the candidates for dispensary practice is the hope of indirect pay. Yet we have the testimony of an intelligent dispensary physician, that 'nineteen out of every twenty of those who ply this laborious calling will tell you that they were never benefited, directly or indirectly, by their connexion with a dispensary to the extent of a single guinea.' Now, the question is, whether the public ought thus to traffic their charity. The case of those is bad enough who are ground down to receive the lowest possible amount of pay; but here is a class who are living in the hope of pay, and the amount of anxiety and heart-sickness which the necessary deferring this 'hope' produces, is only known to those who have watched the 'early struggles' of our physicians and surgeons."

Annual Report of the City Inspector of the Number of Deaths and Interments in the City of New York, 1850.

DR. WHITE here states the number of deaths by disease in this city to be 22,006, during the last year. We are happy that he has not included us in the list. More than two thirds were born in the United States. The Doctor is astounded at the increase under the head "Still born," which amount to the startling number of 3,539! "What an amount of crime and recklessness there is in this sum dare not be expressed, for we cannot refer such a hecatomb of human offspring to natural causes. Since 1805 the number of these accidents has steadily and rapidly increased, and is now multiplied over twenty-seven times. In 1805 the ratio to population was as 1 to 161212; in 1849, as 1 to 34090!"

Some new regulations have given Dr. White the appointing of twenty or more health wardens. It was desired that a portion should be medical men, who should bring some knowledge of science to bear upon sanitary reform. But the duties required and the smallness of the salaries have prevented this very important object from being accomplished. It is to be hoped that something may be done to keep our city in the present state of its remarkable salubrity.

Report of the Standing Committee of the Board of Evening Schools.

We have reasons, from investigations we have made, to think highly of these schools. We have known several instances where they have done great good, and are happy to say a word in their favor. The following quotation from the report we cordially approve:—

"But there yet remains one subject that has not been specially touched upon—one which your Committee deem of great importance and well worthy particular attention. They refer to the formation of classes, in several of the Evening Schools, of adults of foreign birth, for the purpose of learning to read, write, and speak our language. The recent political convulsions of Europe, which have in so many instances resulted disastrously to the cause of liberty, have thrown upon our shores vast numbers of all ranks and conditions. The refugees from political persecutions in their own native lands, whether peasant or noble, are thrown in our midst, destitute of capital, and frequently without means, dependent entirely upon their labor and personal exertions for support. And although many of them, especially from Central Europe, have been educated, and perhaps good scholars in their native language, they have yet to be taught that which is of infinite importance to them—how to read and speak the language of the country of their adoption, the nature of its government, the spirit of its laws, the principles and tendencies of its constitutions. No means is provided for nor afforded them to accomplish this object, so advantageous, and of which they can so readily avail themselves, as the Evening Schools. Being obliged to labor for a subsistence in the day-time, the Evening School becomes the temple wherein they can be taught the language of the land of their future home, the principles of freedom, and the elements of constitutional liberty. Let them be taught the principles upon which our government is founded, and made to comprehend the genius of our institutions. They are earnest and anxious in their desire to avail themselves of the advantages which a liberal government has already provided; and it is a duty we owe to ourselves as well as the demands of the common interest of humanity, to endeavor to enlighten their minds, and imbue them with correct views, feelings, and notions, to enable them the more readily to become a part and parcel of the body politic, good citizens, and unwavering in their attachments to our laws and customs. Your Committee would urge upon your attention the interests of this numerous and increasing class of our fellow-citizens, hoping, if necessary, that increased facilities may be afforded, and ample inducements offered them, by which they may be made intelligent and good citizens, worthy of the land in which they hope to find a peaceful and happy home, and worthy and competent to defend and protect it."

The Lone Dove; a Legend of Revolutionary Times. By a Lady. (Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.) This book bears internal evidence, we think, of being the author's first work. The style is more ambitious than would be indulged in by a practised writer, and the attention of the reader is diverted by episodes and long passages of what we must call "fine writing," at the expense of his interest in the story. It, however, possesses many claims to favorable consideration; the story is interesting, and the characters varied and entertaining. The scene is laid during the Revolutionary War, and you are introduced to Washington at Valley Forge and in other scenes of the eventful struggle. Continentalers and Royalists, country dames and city ladies, Indians and sailors, crowd the scene, imparting great variety, but some little confusion, to the narrative. The Indian scenes are spirited.

Norman Leslie: a Tale by G. C. H. (Appleton & Co.) The scene of this Historical Tale is laid in the early period of the Scottish Reformation, before the movement gained the predominance. It embraces the minority of Mary Queen of Scots.

A concise preface places the reader in possession of the historical facts necessary to comprehend the position of the characters, and

the narrative is conducted through the stirring scenes of the time with spirit and ability. The dialogue has something too much of the old conventionalisms of the historical novel and the stage.

Hand-Book of Mediæval Geography and Writing. By William Putz. Translated from the German by Rev. R. B. Paul. (Appleton & Co.) This work, which combines to some extent historical with geographical information, commences with the migrations of the Germans and the dissolution of the Roman Empire, and closes with the discovery of America. It will be found a useful school compend, executed with German method and fidelity, on a subject and period until latterly much overlooked. While classical geographies, atlases, illustrations of manners and customs, &c., have long abounded in our schools and colleges, no attention has been paid to a period which contained the germ of all our modern civilization. Political Geography is of course intimately connected with history, for we must needs know scene as well as actors.

Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine Work, and Engineering. Oliver Byrne, Editor. (Appleton & Co.) Numbers nine and ten will be found to be two of the most interesting portions of this valuable work. The machinist will read with attention the articles on Drilling Machines, and that on the details of Steam Engines. The Brooklyn Dry Dock is described in all its parts; and a history of the engineering difficulties, and the means taken to overcome them in that work, testifies the skill of the able men who planned and constructed the dock. The applications of electricity to mechanism are numerous and important, and of late have excited much curiosity. The article on this subject presents the details of mining and blasting under water by the aid of a current of electricity. The adjustments of a new and ingenious electrical light lately patented in England, are peculiarly interesting just at this time. An electric clock will illustrate the principles of this application of the subtle agent. The subject of Electro-Metallurgy is treated at length. A novel form of electro-motive machine, on the supposed analogy of animal muscle, opens a wide field for speculation. The Electro-Magnetic Ore Separator, invented by Ransom Cook, of Clinton County, N. Y., which was so generally admired at the late Fair of the American Institute, is an important instrument in the working of iron ores, and occupies a place in this connexion. The editor and publishers of the Dictionary have certainly displayed talent and energy in this extensive enterprise.

DANIEL SEYMOUR.

THE announcement in the newspapers of last week of the death of Mr. Daniel Seymour, gave a most painful surprise to his personal friends, and to his associates in some of our public institutions. He was a man whose extensive and accurate acquaintance with literature and art, combined with eminent practical ability, will make his loss a very serious one to the community in which we live. Mr. Seymour was, we believe, born in New York. He was at least educated here, and was an alumnus of Columbia College, which may well number him among her most honored sons. He was early distinguished by great ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, being particularly gifted with an aptitude for acquiring languages, which not only included the power of easily apprehending their construction, but that of making a ready colloquial use of them. Seve-

ral years since, travelling became necessary for the restoration of his health, which was seriously impaired; and three or four years were spent, principally on the continent of Europe, with the exception of several voyages during the interval to and from this country. Even under the pressure of ill health his energetic spirit strove to maintain its accustomed activity, and he made large additions to his already ample intellectual resources. The attractions which the older and higher civilization of Europe hold out to a man of letters, in her libraries and galleries, in her historical relics and classical associations, were strongly felt by Mr. Seymour, and perhaps imparted a charm and interest to life there, which he failed to find in his own country. But he never overlooked the corruptions and evils of the political and social condition of European countries, and was always prompt and emphatic in the expression of his preference for the institutions of his own land, where liberty and knowledge were in the ascendant. He felt, however, our deficiencies in many important respects, and was ready to devote his time and talents to the furtherance of every intelligent plan of public improvement.

Mr. Seymour commenced his career with the study of law, which he practised for a few years in this city. A strong predilection for literature, and the possession of a handsome competency, probably led to the relinquishment of his profession. He would have distinguished himself in any pursuit on which he had concentrated his energies; and he had many of the characteristics which make an able advocate. His perceptions were quick, he had ready wit, great command of language, and withal a basis of good sense, which rarely belongs to men of parts so brilliant. He never made literature a profession, but he wrote with great readiness, and all that he produced was marked by a refined and elegant taste. In younger life he made felicitous translations from French and German poetry, and it is believed also from the Spanish and Italian. Some of these were published at the time in the current periodicals of the day. His extremely nice and accurate perceptions probably made it difficult for him to be satisfied with his own productions, and it is long since he has written much for publication except on subjects of practical utility. From his known habits, however, he must have left journals and other manuscripts, which would be most interesting to his friends if not to the public.

In an agreeable home, he had surrounded himself with rare and beautiful productions of art, and had collected a choice library. But with the means and appliances for a life of elegant and literary leisure, he was never tempted to relax his habits of persevering industry; employment seemed to be the vital element of his existence, and continued application to some interesting and important object his requisite excitement. Since his final return from Europe he has been actively interested in the affairs of the House of Refuge, the New York Society Library, the Century Club, &c., with an assiduity which few men bestow upon anything but their private interests, and with a noiseless efficiency which was not publicly noticed until it had ceased for ever.

His character was adapted to form and cherish sincere and permanent friendships. There was no friend of his youth who had not continued to entertain for him a lively regard. He had sound and elevated views of moral obligation, a deep and intelligent reverence for religion, and was ever distinguished by the

most affectionate fidelity in all his domestic relations. To these characteristics he added a manly, generous spirit, and a heart warm and kind even to tenderness in all its impulses. He died at the early age of forty-one, with heart and mind in full activity, with feelings fresh and vigorous, and thoughts devoted to the best purposes. The true amount of life is not in its length.

DANTESQUE AND HOGARTHIAN SKETCHES OF LONDON.

CHARLES DICKENS, in his *Household Words*, is engaged in a highly original and important undertaking. His object evidently is, to draw the attention of the English people to those great questions of social reform which have of late occupied legislators, and which are the growth of the rankly developed material civilization of the country; and this he does with resources—a sympathy and power of expression—which have never been brought to the work before. Facts become living things in his hands by his imaginative way of presenting them, not merely to the eye but to the sagacity, and especially to the moral feelings of his readers. What as a great writer of fiction he has derived from the study of common life, he is paying back again to the mass of his countrymen in the elevation of their lot by painting their wants and hopes, with the poetic, life-like instinct of his author's craft. The sensibilities he has awakened for fictitious sorrows in his writings, he is calling to the relief of the actual pauperism, destitution, and suffering of England. By his exquisite humor and pathos he is doing for his countrymen by the pen what Hogarth accomplished for them by the pencil; imparting a clearer knowledge of human nature and themselves.

There is nothing in *Oliver Twist*, or the wanderings of the Old Grandfather and Little Nell, which comes nearer to us than this pauper nurse and her "dropped child," in the following passage from one of the recent sketches in the "*Household Words*," for which the writer has borrowed the pen of Dante, entitled

A WALK IN A WORKHOUSE.

"A few Sundays ago, I formed one of the congregation assembled in the chapel of a large metropolitan Workhouse. With the exception of the clergyman and clerk, and a very few officials, there were none but paupers present. The children sat in the galleries; the women in the body of the chapel, and in one of the side aisles; the men in the remaining aisle. The service was decorously performed, though the sermon might have been much better adapted to the comprehension and to the circumstances of the hearers. The usual supplications were offered, with more than the usual significance in such a place, for the fatherless children and widows, for all sick persons and young children, for all that were desolate and oppressed, for the comforting and helping of the weak-hearted, for the raising-up of them that had fallen; for all that were in danger, necessity, and tribulation. The prayers of the congregation were desired 'for several persons in the various wards dangerously ill,' and others who were recovering, returned their thanks to Heaven.

"Among this congregation were some evil-looking young women, and beetle-browed young men; but not many—perhaps that kind of characters kept away. Generally, the faces (those of the children excepted) were depressed and subdued, and wanted color. Aged people were there in every va-

riety. Mumbling, blear-eyed, spectacled, stupid, deaf, lame; vacantly winking in the gleams of sun that now and then crept in through the open doors, from the paved yard; shading their listening ears, or blinking eyes, with their withered hands; poring over their books, leering at nothing, going to sleep, crouching and drooping in corners. There were weird old women, all skeleton within, all bonnet and cloak without, continually wiping their eyes with dirty dusters of pocket-handkerchiefs; and there were ugly old cronies, both male and female, with a ghastly kind of contentment upon them which was not at all comforting to see. Upon the whole, it was the dragon, Pauperism, in a very weak and impotent condition; toothless, fangless, drawing his breath heavily enough, and hardly worth chaining up.

"When the service was over, I walked with the humane and conscientious gentleman whose duty it was to take that walk, that Sunday morning, through the little world of poverty inclosed within the workhouse walls. It was inhabited by a population of some fifteen hundred or two thousand paupers, ranging from the infant newly-born or not yet come into the pauper world, to the old man dying on his bed.

"In a room opening from a squalid yard, where a number of listless women were lounging to and fro, trying to get warm in the ineffectual sunshine of the tardy May morning—in the 'Itch Ward,' not to compromise the truth—a woman such as HOGARTH has often drawn, was hurriedly getting on her gown, before a dusty fire. She was the nurse, or wardswoman, of that insalubrious department—herself a pauper—flabby, raw-boned, untidy—unpromising and coarse of aspect as need be. But, on being spoken to about the patients whom she had in charge, she turned round, with her shabby gown half on, half off, and fell a crying with all her might. Not for show, not querulously, not in any mawkish sentiment, but in the deep grief and affliction of her heart; turning away her dishevelled head; sobbing most bitterly, wringing her hands, and letting fall abundance of great tears, that choked her utterance. What was the matter with the nurse of the itch-ward? Oh, the 'dropped child' was dead! Oh, the child that was found in the street, and she had brought up ever since, had died an hour ago, and see where the little creature lay, beneath this cloth! The dear, the pretty dear!

"The dropped child seemed too small and poor a thing for Death to be in earnest with, but Death had taken it; and already its diminutive form was neatly washed, composed, and stretched as if in sleep upon a box. I thought I heard a voice from Heaven saying, *It shall be well for thee, O nurse of the itch-ward, when some less gentle pauper does those offices to thy cold form, that such as the dropped child are the angels who behold my Father's face.*

"In one place, the Newgate of the Workhouse, a company of boys and youths were locked up in a yard alone; their day-room being a kind of kennel where the casual poor used formerly to be littered down at night. Divers of them had been there some long time. 'Are they never going away?' was the natural inquiry. 'Most of them are crippled, in some form or other,' said the Wardsmen, 'and not fit for anything.' They slunk about, like dispirited wolves or hyenas; and made a pounce at their food when it was served out,

much as those animals do. The big-headed idiot shuffling his feet along the pavement, in the sunlight outside, was a more agreeable object every way.

"Groves of babies in arms; groves of mothers and other sick women in bed; groves of lunatics; jungles of men in stone-paved downstairs day-rooms, waiting for their dinners; longer and longer groves of old people, in upstairs infirmary wards, wearing out life, God knows how—this was the scenery through which the walk lay for two hours. In some of these latter chambers, there were pictures stuck against the wall, and a neat display of crockery and pewter on a kind of sideboard; now and then it was a treat to see a plant or two; in almost every ward there was a cat.

"In all of these Long Walks of aged and infirm, some old people were bed-ridden, and had been for a long time; some were sitting on their beds half-naked; some dying in their beds; some out of bed, and sitting at a table near the fire. A sullen or lethargic indifference to what was asked, a blunted sensibility to everything but warmth and food, a moody absence of complaint as being of no use, a dogged silence and resentful desire to be left alone again, I thought were generally apparent.

"Who could wonder, looking through those weary vistas of bed and infirmity, that it should do him good to meet with some other scenes, and assure himself that there was something else on earth? Who could help wondering why the old men lived on as they did; what grasp they had on life; what crumbs of interest or occupation they could pick up from its bare board; whether Charley Walters had ever described to them the days when he kept company with some old pauper woman in the bud, or Billy Stevens ever told them of the time when he was a dweller in the far-off foreign land called Home?

"The morsel of burnt child, lying in another room so patiently in bed, wrapped in lint, and looking steadfastly at us with his bright quiet eyes when we spoke to him kindly, looked as if the knowledge of these things, and of all the tender things there are to think about, might have been in his mind—as if he thought with us, that there was a fellow feeling in the pauper nurses which appeared to make them more kind to their charges than the race of common nurses in the hospitals—as if he mused upon the Future of some older children lying around him in the same place, and thought it best, perhaps, all things considered, that he should die—as if he knew, without fear, of those many coffins, made and unmade, piled up in the store below—and of his unknown friend, 'the dropped child,' calm upon the box-lid covered with a cloth. But there was something wistful and appealing, too, in his tiny face, as if, in the midst of all the hard necessities and incongruities he pondered on, he pleaded, in behalf of the helpless and the aged poor, for a little more liberty—and a little more bread."

By the side of this place this Hogarthian picture, with materials for thought too as well as laughter, of a dinner scene, not in a work-house, but in the market tavern of Billingsgate, which has just been statistically and economically described, the "Proprietor of a Donkey" on the spot, assisting.

SIMPSON'S, THE FISH HORD'N'RY.

"This reminding us that we were actually fasting, we complimented our friend on his

donkey (which he assured us was a 'Moke' of the regular Tantivy breed), and having completed the filling of our basket, were about to return home to breakfast, with an excellent appetite, and a high respect for the manners of modern fishmongers, when he hailed us easily with, 'Halloa, you Sir!'

"We went back.

"I tell you wot,' he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, in the direction of the Market Tavern—'but p'raps you have though.'

"Have what?' said we.

"Dined at Simpson's, the Fish Hord'n'ry,' said he.

"Never,' said we.

"Do it!' said he. 'You go and have a tuck-out at Simpson's at four o'clock in the afternoon (wen me and my old ooman is a going to take our tea, with a winkle or wot not) and you'll come out as bright as a star, and as sleek as this here Moke.'

"We thanked him for his hint towards the improvement of our personal appearance, which was a little dilapidated at that hour of the morning, and were so much impressed by the possibility of rivalling the Moke, that we returned at four o'clock in the afternoon, and climbed up to the first floor of Mr. Simpson's house.

"A glance at the clock assured us that Mr. Simpson was a genius. He kept it back ten minutes, to give stragglers a last chance. Already, the long table down the whole length of the long low room was nearly full, and people were sitting at a side table, looking out through windows, like stern-windows aboard ship, at flapping sails and rigging. The host was in the chair, with a wooden hammer ready to his hand; and five several gentlemen, much excited by hunger and haste, who had run us down on the stairs, had leaped into seats, and were menacing expected turbot with their knives.

"We slipped into a vacant chair by a gentleman from the Eastern Counties, who immediately informed us that Sir Robert Peel was all wrong, and the agricultural interest blown to shivers. This gentleman had little pieces of sticking-plaster stuck all over him, and we thought his discontent had broken out in an eruption, until he informed us that he had been 'going it, all last week' with some ruined friends of his who were also in town, and that 'champagne and claret always had that effect upon him.'

"On our left hand, was an undertaker from Whitechapel. 'Here's a bill,' says he, 'this General Interment! What's to become of my old hands who haven't been what you may call rightly sober these twenty years? Ain't there any religious feeling in the country?'

"The company had come, like the fish, from various distances. There was a respectable Jew provision-merchant from Hamburg, over the way. Next him, an old man with sunken jaws that were always in motion, like a gutta percha mouth that was being continually squeezed. He had come from York. Hard by, a very large smooth-faced old gentleman in an immense ribbed satin waistcoat, out of Devonshire, attended by a pink nephew who was walking the London Hospitals. Lower down, was a wooden leg that had brought the person it belonged to all the way from Canada. Two 'parties,' as the waiter called them, who had been with a tasting-order to the Docks, and were a little scared about the eyes, belonged to Doncaster. Pints of stout and porter were handed round, agreeably to their

respective orders. Everybody took his own pint pot to himself, and seemed suspicious of his neighbor. As the minute hand of the clock approached a quarter past four, the gentleman from the Eastern Counties whispered us, that if the country held out for another year, it was as much as he expected.

"Suddenly a fine salmon sparkled and twinkled like a silver harlequin before Mr. Simpson. A goodly dish of soles was set on lower down; then, in quick succession, appeared flounders, fried eels, stewed eels, cod fish, melted butter, lobster-sauce, potatoes. Savory steams curled and curled about the company's heads, and toyed with the company's noses. Mr. Simpson hammered on the table. Grace!

"For one silent moment, Mr. Simpson gazed upon the salmon as if he were the salmon's admiring father, and then fell upon him, and helped twenty people without winking. Five or six flushed waiters hurried to and fro, and played cymbals with the plates; the company rattled an accompaniment of knives and forks; the fish were no more, in a twinkling. Boiled beef, mutton, and a huge dish of steaks, were soon disposed of in like manner. Small glasses of brandy round, were gone, ere one could say it lightened. Cheese melted away. Crusts dissolved into air. Mr. Simpson was gay. He knew the worst the company could do. He saw it done, twice every day. Again he hammered on the table. Grace!

"Then the cloth, the plates, the salt-cellars, the knives and forks, the glasses and pewter-pots, being all that the guests had not eaten or drunk, were cleared; bunches of pipes were laid upon the table; and everybody ordered what he liked to drink, or went his way. Mr. Simpson's punch, in wicked tumblers of immense dimensions, was the most in favor. Mr. Simpson himself consorted with a company of generous spirits—connected with a Brewery, perhaps—and smoked a mild cigar. The large gentleman out of Devonshire: so large now, that he was obliged to move his chair back, to give his satin waistcoat play: ordered a small pint bottle of port, passed it to the pink nephew, and disparaged punch. The nephew dutifully concurred, but looked at the undertaker's glass, out of the corner of his eye, as if he could have reconciled himself to punch, too, under pressure, on a desert island. The 'parties' from the Docks took rum-and-water, and wandered in their conversation. He of the Eastern Counties took cold gin-and-water for a change, and for the purification of his blood. Deep in the oiled depths of the old-fashioned table, a reflection of every man's face appeared below him, beaming. Many pipes were lighted, the windows were opened at top, and a fragrant cloud enwrapped the company, as if they were all being carried upwards together. The undertaker laughed monstrosously at a joke, and the agriculturist thought the country might go on, say ten years, with good luck.

"Eighteen pence a-head had done it all—drink, and smoke, and civil attendance excepted—and again this was Billingsgate! Verily, there is 'an ancient and fish-like smell' about our popular opinions sometimes; and our hereditary exaltations and depressions of some things would bear revision!"

THE STUDENT.—He that is well employed in his study, though he may seem to do nothing, does the greatest thing of all others, he lays down precepts for the governing of our lives, and the moderating our passions; and obliges human nature, not only in the present, but in all succeeding generations.—Seneca.

The Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
[From the London Times.]

SECOND PAPER.

THE most recent productions of the English painters in the higher walk of art may be divided, for the purposes of discrimination and comparison, into two classes, very distinct in their style, their merits, their defects, and their treatment. The one pursues, in the manner of the Venetian school or of Rubens, breadth of color, vividness of effect, a certain amplitude of style which expands nature itself, and exults in the brilliancy of strong contrasts, varied by the more subtle harmonies of prismatic effects, until it sometimes degenerates into confusion or coarseness, and the great principles of correct design and elevated meaning are sacrificed to an immoderate glow of color. The other starts from the stricter methods of the Tuscan or the German schools, aiming, above all things, at expression—sometimes by great vigor of form, sometimes by extreme refinement of design and execution—more correct in its drawing, more indifferent to the mere charm of color, more intent on the idea of the work, and liable to faults the most opposite to those of the rival artists, since we find in this exhibition instances in which these qualities are carried to the last excess of dryness, hardness, unnatural color, and a false air of antiquity. The former class of painters are, as it were, intoxicated with nature, loving her richness, her variety, her warmth, and her abundance; the latter, restrained by sterner or more scientific rules of art, practise an abstemiousness of effect and a temperance in handling which addresses itself to the nicer judgment of a less popular audience. The Colorists are on their way downwards from Venice to Flanders; the Expressionists (if we may coin such a term) are on their way backwards from Raphael to Massaccio, and there are some among them who seem eager to push on at once to Cimabue. Or, to employ more familiar terms of comparison, the former class pursues the track of Etty, Wilkie in his later manner, Calcott, and Turner—the latter, of somewhat later date amongst us, and of more foreign growth, tracks the footsteps of Eastlake or MacIise.

We do not intend to apply this distinction with rigorous accuracy to the artists whose works are this day thrown open to the public, for in our times the arts are more affected by the bent of individual genius, or by the demands of the public taste, than by the theory or practice of any school. But this sort of classification may serve to guide us through the exhibition, and to extract from each class of artists those merits for which they deserve notice.

The habits of English life are not favorable to the grandest productions of art. We have no chapels to adorn, no ceilings to people with a host of angels, and hardly any walls to support the heroic works of high art. But some recent experiments have shown that British artists, when called upon, are by no means incapable of producing great gallery or architectural pictures of a high order; and they have done it, we must add, at a pecuniary sacrifice from very honorable motives. The indirect consequences of this patronage extended by the nation to the high branches of art have not been unfelt, and Mr. Pickersgill's picture of "Samson disarmed" (16) is by no means an inconsiderable result. The moment is that at which Delilah "called for a man to

shave off the seven locks" of the Jewish hero. The triumph of false love is achieved, and the Philistine crops the sources of that mysterious strength. It is a subject so liable to coarseness and violence that we congratulate Mr. Pickersgill on his complete freedom from these defects. Etty could not have been trusted with it. The attitude of the Delilah is vigorous and original, springing, as it were, upon the vanquished Samson; the coloring exceedingly rich and harmonious, the keeping excellent, especially in the left hand group of the picture. The women kneeling on the right are less essential to the action, and more conventional in their attitudes. The scenery is grand and novel—the Syrian daylight streams through the jasper columns, and, without any excess of local imitation, there is a power of association in the details of the East to which the elder artists were total strangers. In this respect Mr. Roberts has rendered great service to his brother artists, by the fidelity of his own delineations. As a powerful contrast to this work, and an example of the abuse of those resources which Mr. Pickersgill has skilfully employed, we turn with reluctance to Mr. Armitage's "Aholibah" (486). There, too, the recent discoveries of the palaces of Nineveh have suggested a more lively portraiture of Babylonian splendor, and the mere scene, though with little artistic merit, might escape criticism. But the subject of the picture—an impersonation of the coarsest metaphors of prophetic imprecation—and the reality given to the impure desires of the condemned cities, which the names of Aholah and Aholibah conveyed in the language of Ezekiel—imply a depravity of taste, and have found a pruriency of execution, which do no credit to Mr. Armitage. We regret that after the merited success of his cartoons this picture should have appeared, to the great injury of his reputation, but the sooner Aholibah ceases to gloat upon "her Chaldeans, portrayed with vermillion," the better it will be for himself and the public; nor can we allow a certain amount of power to be pleaded in extenuation of offences against taste, propriety, and judgment.

Mr. Frost continues to deal pleasantly with his Dryads and Oceanides, but with no material advance in strength of execution or originality of design. His larger picture, "The Disarming of Cupid" (15), painted for Prince Albert, is less effective than the "Andromeda" (304), but Mr. Frost has a charming power of treating these subjects with grace and refinement. Perhaps the absence of passion and force enables him to surmount what a bolder artist might fail in; but he wants variety, and runs some risk of falling into that class of artists who pass their lives in repeating one picture.

Mr. Patten exhibits two works which will not raise his reputation: the "Susannah and the Elders" (38) is a feeble and theatrical repetition of an odious subject, undeservedly conspicuous; and though his smaller picture of "Bacchus discovering the use of the Grape" (446) is less objectionable in composition, it wants distinctness and simplicity. Of a much higher character is Mr. Brocky's small round picture, "A Nymph" (133), at the end of the great room. It has the crispness of Paul Veronese—the child playing on the Nymph's bosom is all action and gaiety, the flesh tints are in excellent keeping with the golden hue of the picture, and we hold it to be one of the best pieces in the collection. In a style not dissimilar we may place Mr. Uwins's "Psycho"—a small but elegant and

classical contribution not unworthy of his graceful pencil. In the same excellent style of color we remarked with great pleasure the pictures by Mr. J. C. Hook, "the Pursuit of Francesco di Carrara" (376), and "A Dream of Venice" (503);—both are remarkable for breadth, purity of color, and judicious arrangement, with a warmth and richness of tone evidently derived from a careful study of Giorgione, and probably obtained by the successful application of some of the newer vehicles of color. As we pass onward from the purely historical to the more dramatic works of this class, we cannot but revert to M. de la Roche's "Cromwell" as the highest production of its kind in this exhibition. It appears there, not strictly as one of the works of the year, but as a picture of established reputation and European fame. We recommend it to the attention of the public—we recommend it to the study of our artists. There stands the man contemplating the Royal victim beside him, relentless, crafty, insensible to any touch of sentiment or to any restraint of duty. The pinched lip, the complacent brow, indicate, that if in that deed of blood there had been one moment of compunction, it passed away with the successful daring of the act. Cromwell, face to face with that dead Charles, shows no trace of misplaced sensibility or affectation. Even the composed austerity of the hypocrite is thrown aside. He is the impersonation of vulgar power enthroned by audacity and by crime. If that character of the Protector be not to the taste of some of our readers, who may be under the influence of the judgment which has sought of late to deify in Cromwell the man of fraud and of force, that is at least the expression stamped on this picture by the great artist whose name it bears. The subject is treated with extraordinary breadth and simplicity—no adventitious jerks of color to disturb the serenity of the composition—no artifices to dress up the reality of the scene, but in every part, truth, depth, and strength of the highest order.

In point of execution Mr. Ward's picture of "James II. receiving the Intelligence of the Landing of William" (350), will sustain no comparison with the magnificent treatment of De la Roche, and as a painting this picture must be ranked below some former works of the artist. The composition is a little scattered, and the tone of the central figures depressed. But in point of invention it is full of point and ingenuity.

Mary of Modena, leaning on the arm of her appalled husband, who has just dropped the fatal letter from his hand, and sunk back in his *fauteuil*, points with the energy of a mother and a Queen to the Prince of Wales, who plays with the ladies of the Court and the lapdogs of his uncle on the right hand. On the left another courtier slinks away. Beside the King, the Romish conclave which disputed it for a year with the genius of English liberty shrinks in dismay. The baffled Jesuit bites his lip,—the courtly Adda sighs in his violet robes,—Jeffries scowls. In the background the ladies of the Court, strangely intermingled with bearded monks, debauchery and superstition side by side, just indicate the wavering loyalty of an *orange* riband, and the carpet of the chamber reminds the spectator of the treacherous lilies of France. The personages of the picture are evidently portraits, and the subject deserves to attract the public interest.

In a kindred style, but with decreasing power, we arrive at Mr. Egg's "Peter the

Great's first Interview with Catharine" (392), in which the subject is not favorable to the artist's habitual quality of lively action. It is, however, a work painted with care and depth, full of color, without exaggeration. The figure of the Russian maiden born for so rare a destiny, is vigorous, but somewhat inexpressive; and it may be doubted whether the headquarters of Peter the Great ever had the spruceness and elegance of the tent of the Marischal de Saxe. Mr. Frith exhibits two pictures, "Sancho and the Duchess" (332), and "A Scene from the Goodnatured Man" (543), both painted with great transparency and brilliancy, and, the last especially, with a good deal of playful expression. Mr. Elmore, with somewhat higher pretensions in point of treatment, has produced two agreeable works from Boccaccio—a "Griseldis" (312), and "The Queen of the Day" (526): the former is bright and spirited; it represents the moment when that most tyrannous of husbands comes to relieve that perfection of fidelity from her menial toil. The popularity of this class of pictures is no doubt a sufficient encouragement for the production of them; but they add little to the real knowledge of enjoyment of art, and they run some risk of sinking into vulgarity in straining for popular interest. Mr. Solomon's "Too truthful" (525) is a degree beyond the line of good taste, and the worst authority in matters of art is the jest-book.

Our survey has now led us to the furthest range of those artists who can be termed colorists of the historic school, omitting, indeed, many names which we pass over for want of prominent attraction, and missing some names, such as Mr. Herbert and Mr. Horsley, who are engaged elsewhere in the service of the nation.

To the numerous class of visitors uninitiated in the works of Mr. Turner, the four pictures exhibited this year by that veteran artist will convey no notions more distinct than the fragments of that mysterious MS., "The Fallacies of Hope," which still serves to amuse Mr. Turner and to perplex the world. When we look back to those earlier works which have long since taken their place amongst the greatest productions of this country, it would seem as if Mr. Turner had possessed in youth all the dignity of age to exchange it in age for the effervescence of youth. But to the more practised eyes which still trace through these eccentricities the hand of a great master and a matchless command over the materials of painting, careless of form and prodigal of light, these four pictures are not deficient in beauty and interest. The "Mercury" (174) and "The Departure of the Fleet" (482) have the coolness of dawn or twilight thrown, as it were, through the radiance of a southern sun, which gives the glow and the iridescence of the opal. Even in the wilder pictures (192) in which the most definite object would seem to be a black cat, and in the "Visit to the Tomb" (373) (what tomb?) the confused and luminous mass subsides at a distance into an order of its own, which those who have discovered that Turner has a purpose in most of his productions, may, with the aid of Mr. Ruskin, appreciate.

Mr. Stanfield exhibits his usual fertility, and in one instance (131), "Scene on the Maas" (painted, we believe, for the gallery of Sir R. Peel), more than his usual power. His "Macbeth meeting with the Witches" (67), painted for Mr. Brunell's Shakespeare Gallery, is, we fear, less successful. Mr. Creswick,

again abandoning his groves and dells for the sea beach and the retiring tides of our island, has produced two pictures of great merit, "The wind on shore" (8), and "The first glimpse of the sea" (258). The cattle of Mr. Sidney Cooper, especially in "Summer Showers" (239), may entitle him to honors not far below those of a Paul Potter; and Mr. Lee has some pleasing landscapes in his accustomed and not very animated manner.

The portraits, which complete in great profusion the upper furniture of the apartments, are not of a high order, and it may deserve to be discussed on some future occasion to what the present state of portrait painting in this country is attributable. Mr. Grant still takes the lead, and in the treatment of some of his fairer subjects he deserves it. Of these the pictures of his daughter and of Lady Bruce are the best; but nothing can justify such a performance as the same artist's caricature of the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Henry Phillips has several portraits of great merit, more even as portraits of intellect than portraits of beauty; and we must notice even in this hasty sketch the portrait of Mr. Brotherton by Mr. Westcott—an artist hitherto, we believe, of provincial celebrity only, but inferior in this instance to no painter in that branch of his profession. The Scotch artists have declined. Mr. Watson Gordon's portraits are feeble, and Mr. Swinton's are below his former rank. It is fair, however, to add that one of the most interesting works of this artist was naturally withdrawn after a recent event in private life which has called forth very general and merited sympathy. The portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough by Mr. Sant still retains its place. In the miniatures Mr. Thorburn has all his pre-eminence, which has given an air of grandeur and elevation to the most contracted branch of the art.

The sculpture, still imprisoned in the vault assigned to it, and now more than ever overcrowded, is not deficient in interest. Mr. Macdowall's "Virginius" and "Psyche," Mr. Bailey's "Sleeping Girl," Baron Marochetti's "Sappho" and Mr. R. Westmacott's recumbent monument to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, are works of great merit.

ART ITEMS.

Numbers 5 and 6 of "Brady and Lester's Daguerreotype Gallery of Illustrious Americans," contain the portraits of Henry Clay and Colonel Fremont. The portrait of the latter is one of the best in the series. It is a characteristic face, combining something of the roughness of the pioneer with the clear eye and open brow of the man of thought and observation. The publishers, in the variety and truth of these illustrations of American character, are consulting the best interests of the subscribers to this series. Hazard and Mitchell, Philadelphia, have issued a miniature edition of the celebrated illustrations to Schiller's Song of the Bell, by Moritz Retzsch. This is unquestionably the best work of the artist. It is a complete picture gallery of country life in Germany. The original plates have been reduced with much care, and the work, in its neat case, forms a very presentable library table ornament.

A. HART, Philadelphia, is the publisher of an amusing book of colored lithographs, on the fruitful indigenoustext of "Mose." That great hero of the native American drama is made to go the rounds of some of the London celebrities, with the address of "Mose among the Britishers," in a series of sketches executed by an English artist newly arrived in

this country, Mr. J. B. Gunn. The work is dedicated to Mr. Chanfrau, the original personator of the character, and is executed with considerable cleverness. It reminds us of the parallel effusions which some few years ago grew out of that game fraternity, Corinthian Tom, Jerry, and Bob Logic. Mose and Sikessy, in the same way, are capable of unlimited pictorial and dramatic adventures. We shall probably see them decorating pictures and pocket-handkerchiefs.

EUROPEAN ARTISTS IN THE UNITED STATES.—

The recent difficulties in Europe have caused a number of artists—some of them of considerable merit—to emigrate to this country. Among them may be mentioned Mad. Dassel (late Mdle Hermine Borchard), from Düsseldorf, Mr. Doepler, from Munich, Messrs. Heinrich and Dewchert, from Vienna, Messrs. Kummer and Heyde, from Dresden, Messrs. Nahl and Wenderoth, Germans by birth, but recently from Paris, Mr. Harting, also a German, and several others, chiefly from the Continent.—*Art-Union Bulletin*.

MESSRS. APPLETON & Co., the publishers of this city, have commissioned Mr. Brown, the sculptor, to execute a large bas-relief in bronze, for the exterior of their new store about to be erected in Broadway. It will be symbolical in character, but we are not acquainted with the minutiae of the design. The order is in the true Medicean spirit, and will doubtless render the new edifice one of the finest ornaments of Broadway.

The Athenæum speaks of Ary Scheffer's new picture, "Christus Remunerator," a companion to the well known "Christus Consolator," in the following terms:—"It is very inferior in design to the first picture—and for its sentiment it relies more on a certain theatrical pathos and conventional arrangement than on freshness of feeling or any deep natural touches. It is all art—and that not of the best kind; for it is as faulty in its proportions as it is in its color. That the painter intended some mysticism in the action of the principal figure—whose pose is significant of the instrument of Christ's sufferings—is probable. The figure is so badly proportioned and so deficient in height that these faults strike the beholder at a glance. The forms of the minor figures are liable to the same objection of disproportion; and the tinting of the flesh is of the very poorest order of conventional prejudice."

WEIR'S LATEST PICTURE is to be seen at Williams & Stevens's, nearly opposite to the Society Library, in Broadway. It is a picture of exceeding merit, whether we regard the design or the execution. It represents a child kneeling in prayer, with the face bowed on the lap of its grandmother, while the mother stands by regarding it with a grave and affectionate complacency. The old lady sitting in her arm chair with her hands extended over the child's head, in a gesture of silent benediction, is a fine clear piece of painting, full of truth and individuality; we could almost aver that we had seen her somewhere in some comfortable American parlor. The effect of the light in the picture is exceedingly beautiful and well managed; and the accessories are happily imagined and painted with a fidelity of imitation which almost produces the effect of an illusion. The carpet on the floor, with its fringe of bright green, the old lady's crutch, which the boy has provided with a thread bridle and converted into an imaginary horse, now lying on the floor with his little whip thrown on it; the work basket, and the fan of peacock's feathers hanging to the old lady's arm-chair, are as perfectly represented as anything in Gerard Douw.—*Evening Post*.

SALE OF ETTY'S STUDIES.—Another of the sight-seeing events of the week has been the sale of Etty's Studies and Sketches, at Christie and Manson's, King street, St. James's,—about a thousand in number, the result of the labors of a whole life, and testifying to an almost incredible devotion to his art, when taken in connexion with the numerous elaborated productions his pencil turned

out for so many consecutive years. These performances consist of nude human figures, male and female, in every conceivable attitude, and some in attitudes not a little inconceivable to ordinary comprehensions—a few of the ladies, for instance, being drawn as if they were trying to stand on their heads; and two or three of these gutta-percha limbed fair ones apparently very nearly succeeded in attaining that somewhat uncomfortable position. They are of all ages:—not the ladies, every one of whom is certainly of no uncertain age; but the sketches:—that is, from the first tiny Eddy used color, down to the latest period of his life. Hundreds are mere indications of suggestions, two or more subjects having been sketched on one millboard, and many such boards having sketches on both sides:—half a head or no head, some bodies, half legs or no legs on some trunks; and, anon, a dozen legs, or arms, or hips, or what-nots, as the case may be, belonging to as many different proprietors. Yet these brought from two to forty guineas each—few, however, going for the smaller, and many realizing more than the larger sum named, a common price being from four to six guineas for that which had been laid on the millboard aforesaid in half an hour, and often in half that. Copies of old masters, mere memoranda, some of form, others of color, but never intended to be seen as pictures, brought ten, twenty, thirty, forty guineas, and upwards, though when Eddy painted them no man would have paid him as many shillings, probably not as many pence. What's in a name? innocently asked the Swan of Avon a couple of centuries ago. But any goose is owl enough now to know that there's a million per cent. in it. Eddy painted fifteen years, and nobody gave him a commission or purchased his productions:—now, for a thing the artist might have daubed with his foot, any Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson will give a £10 note, and count himself happy in the possession of the prize. It's a wonder men were not made to cry *Baa!*—they're so like sheep, saying nothing of their propensity for wool-gathering.—*London Cor. Liv. Albion.*

THE PORCELAIN EXHIBITIONS OF PARIS.—The exhibition of the produce of the royal manufactory of Sèvres and of the Gobelins has just closed, after giving the fullest satisfaction to crowds of visitors. The interest of this exhibition is not confined to the mere objects of art exposed to view; there is far more intense interest to the philosopher in contemplation of the gratitude expressed by the people of Paris towards the artists who have thus contributed to the national glory. This feeling is even stronger than the admiration of the *chefs-d'œuvre* with which the galleries were filled, and better than whole volumes of moral essays on the taste and genius of the people of our time, giving the lie direct to those who would assert that we are returning to a state of barbarism. It was quite affecting to hear the fond expressions of grateful praise which fell from the rough unshorn lips of those working men who chose to spend their holiday amid these masterpieces of the great artists of their country. The novelty of the exhibition was the perfect specimens displayed of the vases of Arabian manufacture which have so long baffled all modern ingenuity. The imitation given of the celebrated vase of the Alhambra called forth the most enthusiastic admiration. The long-sought-for solution of the great difficulty which the Chinese themselves have never been able to overcome has at length been discovered by a French artist, the art of attaching objects in relief to the exterior of the finest and most delicate cups of egg-shell porcelain. This has been accomplished by making the ornaments hollow, and thus in the baking allowance is made for the shrinking, and they no longer crack or injure the shape of the cup to which they are attached. This triumph over Chinese perfection has been hailed with much satisfaction, and a set of cups and saucers, of perfectly transparent fabric, adorned with flowers in relief, and the cups in possession of the handles, which neither the Chinese nor Japanese artists have ever been able to manufacture in the fine egg-shell

china, was a week ago embarked for Canton as a present to the Emperor, in order to lower the vanity of his egotistical self-admiring people.—*Paris Correspondent of the Atlas.*

Music.

ITALIAN OPERA.

To those persons, musicians and others, yet remaining in the city, the return of the Havana opera company to New York, should be matter of congratulation. They have not, however, brought back with them the excitement they aroused in Boston, or even the enthusiasm they met with during the late short season at Niblo's. The warm weather is, doubtless, the cause of this, seeing it has already almost emptied the town, and keeps those who are still here from frequenting heated public places.

During the past week we have had a repetition of the operas formerly given—*La Favorita*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Ernani*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, &c.,—and, at this moment, *Les Huguenots* is announced as in course of preparation. Signorina Steffanoni returns with her voice not in its best order; always uncertain in intonation, and liable to be much affected by climate and temperature, this lady can never be judged of rightly until the very conclusion of a performance. She often commences her part feebly, both in voice and in feeling; and it is not until after her first act that she seems to acquire true power over herself. Her execution is always clear, and sometimes really brilliant; but she is, we fear, sacrificing goodness of tone to extent of compass. Signorina Bosio, the *Lucrezia* of the corps, shows much steadiness and desire of improvement. She is one of those hard-working sopranos to whom progress is necessary. The middle range of her voice, and some of her upper notes are excellent. Signora Tedesco brings her voice in good order, with its soundness uninjured by straining either above or below its natural region. She is always earnest and genuine in her exertions; and, dramatically, is thoroughly devoid of affectation, or mannerism of any kind. Signor Salvi sings, as usual, with care and finish. In *La Favorita*, the opera in which we prefer seeing him, he has been singing exquisitely. Nothing can be better than his reading of the opening air; it is beautiful. Indeed, to us, his performance in this opera, notwithstanding a certain coldness in the second and third acts, is his masterpiece. Signor Marini, the finest basso we have had in this city, proves himself painstaking and energetic; and in spite of a certain hardness which seems modifying his voice, and interfering with his piano effects, he is an excellent dramatic singer. Signor Badiali has a voice so naturally good, so round and full in tone, so well delivered, and with such perfect enunciation, being one of the few vocalists whose every syllable is audible, that he has made himself one of the most popular members of the company. A little more restraint in manner, and less fervor of expression would, if perchance it lessened the number of his admirers, secure to him the judgment of the more discerning part of his audience. Signor Lorini is an admirable second tenor, with a voice of good quality, and the taste of a musician.

With such an excellent working corps, one or two grand operas might be produced in a style that has not been seen in this city. We shall hope for *Les Huguenots* before very long.

A concert given by this company at the Tabernacle on Saturday evening was but

thinly attended, notwithstanding the attractions of the programme. Signora Tedesco gave the air of *Fides*, in *Le Prophète*, "Oh, mon Fils, sois bon," with so much feeling as to excite a vehement encore. A similar reception was given to the duet from the fourth act of the same opera, which was well sung by her and Signorina Steffanoni. Signor Salvi sang "Il mio Tesoro," from *Don Giovanni*, but not in his best manner; it was, to say the most, but negligently done; his voice seemed in tolerable order, too, but there was an indifference in his delivery of this beautiful song difficult to account for. In fact, though a good dramatic singer, he has not sufficient earnestness to do justice to classical music. There is indeed a wonderful prestige in a name when we see how it governs public opinion, but for ourselves we must own to having received greater satisfaction from other renderings of this famous air. Our much contemned tenor of last season, Signor Forti, was wont to deliver it with a grace and earnestness that were not surpassed, if indeed equalled, the other evening. A Mademoiselle Stoppel performed Thalberg's fantasia from *Moses in Egypt* on the pianoforte, with so much energy as to excite the enthusiasm of her audience; but De Meyer's variations from *Lucrezia Borgia*, which she afterwards gave, were not played with the same precision and certainty.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

FROM FIRTH & POND we have received "The Twilight Waltzes," by M. Philippi, and "The Happy Home Waltz," by Jullien, the latter introducing De Meyer's Chant Bohémien. Both are good sets, and worthy the notice of those who study dance music. The "Hearts and Homes Polka," by W. Müller, is another of the many similar productions of the day. In vocal music we must refer to Benedict's ballad, "What hath snared thee, Heart?" as one of those which promise to be popular. The words are by C. J. Peterson, Esq. "Always with me," by Walter Maynard, is one of the best songs we have seen lately. The air is musical and well arranged, while the words are properly set. This ballad deserves the attention of singers, and will repay it, beyond the ordinary compositions of the hour. "La Serenade" is Schubert's well-known song, arranged as a duet by L. Hoffman. "We're all at Home," by J. B. Woodbury, is a simple melody, with equally simple words, adapted to children or very juvenile musicians.

The Drama.

MR. MCKEAN BUCHANAN, a citizen of New Orleans, and well known to its mercantile community for his business habits, and to its society as one possessed of much *bonhomie*, and who within the past year adopted the profession of the actor, has concluded a week's engagement at the Broadway Theatre.

About three years ago sundry amateurs of New Orleans founded a "Histrionic Association." Mr. Buchanan was one of their leading men, and made so many hits in his private acting that he concluded to attempt theatricals in public. Last summer he was at Burton's as an amateur only, and did very well. The past winter he appeared professionally at New Orleans, and was well received by its citizens and his friends, the latter giving him a complimentary benefit. He gradually worked on his way up the Mississippi, and so to our city, whither news of his Southern success had preceded him.

His engagement was unfortunate as to time, for tragedy is rather heavy business in

hot weather; and three excellent attractions, at Burton's, Niblo's, and the Astor Place, were nightly pitted against him. The houses he drew were thinner consequently, it is fair to presume, than they might have been under other circumstances. But his audiences were of appreciative people, and among them mixed many of the old Park Pit.

He played Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, and Shylock. Mr. Buchanan is well cast by nature for Hamlet. He is tall, well made, graceful in carriage, and gifted with a deep voice, which, when it acquires by practice a greater flexibility, will be his best capital. Mr. Buchanan is possessed of enthusiasm and indomitable perseverance, which, though they gain him present enemies, will accomplish brilliant triumphs.

We like his acting better than his readings. When in a phrensy or a rage his working of passion mars the discretion of his emphasis; we recognise the conception from his look and manner sooner than from his reading. This is particularly manifest in "Shylock." His "eye-ings" of hate towards Antonio in the trial scene were admirable. His delivery of the lines, "If every duet in six thousand," &c., was rendered with a cold-blooded resolution of manner. And his abject despair when asking, "I pray you, let me go from hence," showed conclusively the elements of the great actor are in him. His defects lie chiefly in gesture and rapidity of enunciation when excited, or dragging of syllables when in calm soliloquy. The practice of a few years will perfect these. And we shall, indeed, rejoice if "Time" brings forth in Mr. Buchanan, who is sometime this side the prime of life, an American actor who may hold the highest place.

A novelty from the pen of J. Fenimore Cooper, entitled "Upside Down, or Philosophy in Petticoats," is the subject of interest at Burton's the present week, of which we shall give some account in our next.

Barnum's neat and convenient theatre, in the newly refitted building in Broadway, opened on Monday evening with the Drunkard, a well known performance of the order of the domestic drama.

Facts and Opinions.

THE Quarterly Examination, at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was well attended on Wednesday, of last week, by a liberal representation of the different classes of the city. Among the visitors was Mrs. Chase, the Heroine of Tampico, whose spirited adventure in raising the American flag was graphically told by one of the Professors of the Institution to the pupils, who in turn wrote the story out in their own language, on the blackboard. The exercises were varied, and showed, what appeared to us most satisfactory, a certain naturalness of treatment and individual expression—proving that the lessons were not merely got by rote. The sense of natural objects and phenomena appeared most acute, but the reflective powers had not been neglected. With the arbitrary finger language the mimetic powers are brought into active use. Some of the pantomime exercises, as well as of a serious as a comic character, were performed with extreme tact and delicacy. The Institution, now in its thirty-second year, is in a highly flourishing condition, free from debt, numbering 222 pupils, of whom 42 have been re-admitted within the last year, the State supporting more than two thirds. The courtesy of the Directors, no less than the attentions of Dr. Peet and his associate Professors, with the general air of health and refinement, and assured success at the Institution, render these quarterly

visits a rare occasion of delight and profit to our citizens.

Mr. A. Dudley Mann, the special Government agent to Hungary, returned in the steamship *Atlantic*. A communication bearing his initials, which appeared in the *Courier* on his arrival, has this prediction,—"In 1843, in a publication which I made, I ventured the prediction that in less than twenty years Ocean Steam Navigation, under American auspices, would attain a speed of a third of a degree an hour. I now feel quite confident that within that time a person may attend morning service in New York on Sunday, and on the following Sunday afternoon service in Liverpool." Apropos to this highly successful voyage, we find the following anticipations in the Liverpool correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner*, under date of May 31st. "There is a considerable interest felt as to the voyage the *Canada* will make out, bets having been made that her news will be received in New York before that taken out by the *Atlantic* on Wednesday. This may appear to some ridiculous, but really it is not so. The *Atlantic* sails direct to New York, and if she makes the voyage in twelve days, which will be a very short one, her news will not reach New York until the 10th of June. The *Canada* touches at Halifax, and the probability is, she will make the voyage in less than nine days to that port, from whence her news will be sent by telegraph to New York, and thus the chances are that her news will reach New York first." As it turned out the *Atlantic* arrived at New York on Sunday, with the mails, while the first telegraph from the *Canada* reached this city on Wednesday.

The new Bible Society, the "American Baptist Bible Union," has entered upon its career, the Rev. Dr. Cone having been elected President, and an initiatory subscription from life directors and life members of nearly \$6,000 having been contributed to its support. The object of this society is a new translation of the Scriptures, undertaken from the dissatisfaction of its members with the existing version on the subject of baptism.

The Special Committee of the Common Council on Railroads, made their report in favor of laying railroads in different parts of the city. The Committee have been engaged in endeavoring to ascertain if a rail track cannot be laid without being liable to the objections raised against the flat, T, and H rails, and they recommend that the plan of laying rails known as the tongue and groove plan be adopted. They propose to lay a track commencing at the intersection of Barclay street and College Place, thence through College Place, West Broadway, Canal, Varick, and Carmine streets, and Sixth Avenue to Harlem River, and extended southerly through Greenwich street to the Battery—a branch from that road to commence at Canal street, and running thence through Wooster street, University Place, and Broadway, to intersect the Sixth Avenue at or near 34th street. Another branch to commence at the intersection of Bleecker and Carmine streets, thence through Bleecker street and Eighth Avenue to Harlem. Another road to commence in Hanover Square, and thence through William, Chatham, East Broadway, Columbia streets, and Avenue D to the Dry Dock—a branch to commence at Chatham Square, thence through the Bowery, Grand, and Chrystie streets, and Second Avenue, to Harlem. Another branch to commence at the intersection of Rutgers street and East Broadway, and thence through Rutgers and Essex streets and Avenue A to its termination. It is proposed to leave the laying of a track in Broadway an open question for the present. The length of the tracks proposed to be laid as follows,—the Sixth Avenue, from the Battery to Harlem, 9 miles; Wooster street branch, 2½ miles; Bleecker street branch, 9 miles. The track from Hanover Square to Dry Dock, 3¼ miles. Essex street branch, 1½ miles; 2d Avenue branch, 7¼

miles. Total length 32¼ miles. It is proposed the roads shall be laid by private enterprise, and they propose to give the privilege to the original applicants for the first named road, restricting them under certain rules and regulations. The time for running cars to be every 5 minutes from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M.; every 15 minutes from 5 to 6 A. M., and from 8 to 12 P. M.; and every 30 minutes from 12 P. M. to 5 A. M. The fare for any distance below 42d street to be 5 cents. The report was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

Mr. E. B. Thompson of this city, and now a compositor in the office of the *Courier*, says that paper, has in his possession a very interesting historical relic,—a small embroidered cambric pocket-handkerchief, which was used by Charles I. upon the scaffold, and is stained with his blood. It came originally from John Fenwicke, who was Major of cavalry in Cromwell's army, and in that capacity was required to be present at the execution of the unhappy monarch. The relic passed from his family to that of Jacob Lyell, whose wife emigrated to New Jersey near the close of the seventeenth century, and was connected with the Fenwicke family. She gave it to her daughters, who kept it with the greatest care, and, at their death, it passed into another branch of the family, and has finally come into possession of Mr. Thompson. Its authenticity seems to be clearly traced and proved beyond doubt. The handkerchief is of small size,—and the figure of the Scottish thistle is embroidered around the edges. Upon one corner is a very small figure of a crown. It is thickly stained with dark spots, some of which are as large as a dollar—the others smaller. The linen is considerably discolored by time. It seems to have been ironed, but not washed.

An embassy has lately arrived at Southampton from the kingdom of Nepal to Queen Victoria, consisting of a General and suite of twenty-four persons, bringing various valuable productions as presents. They arrived in a steamer, and created a decided sensation at Southampton, with jewelled head-dresses blazing in the sun. They exhibited great anxiety as to their peculiar and exclusive accommodations, religious cooking, &c. A tent was formed in a back-yard of the Peninsular offices which they occupied, where a Nepalese cooking apparatus was fitted up. Messengers were employed running all over the town purchasing eggs and vegetables. The Hindoos refused hen eggs, and preferred the larger eggs of ducks and geese. They took a great fancy for cauliflower, which is very plentiful at Southampton, and purchased an immense quantity of that vegetable. They appeared to observe the utmost secrecy in dressing and eating their food, and were much alarmed lest any of the blacks and other persons belonging to the Peninsular Company should observe them. But though so secret about their cooking and eating, they appeared to be quite indifferent as to who saw them at their extraordinary ablutions. They wash after they touch anything, the washing being more like a religious ceremony, than for the purpose of cleanliness. Not only the Hindoo servants, but some of the chiefs were in the back-yard washing themselves almost perpetually. They stripped, with the exception of a slight cloth around the loins, and they would wash themselves all over with about a half pint of water. The servants of the embassy were evidently of the lowest caste—some were meanly and miserably clad, many of them without shoes, and their clothing formed a striking contrast to the magnificent costume of the chiefs. His Excellency dined with a few members of his suite on Saturday. After dinner they all commenced smoking. They also rode out in a carriage in the evening. They seemed much pleased with the apartment in which they resided, which is a very spacious and handsome

one, and particularly in the evening, when it was lighted up with gas.

The Ripon, the steamer in which they arrived, also, adds the English journal from which this account is taken, brought home a collection of birds and beasts from Ethiopia, Abyssinia, and other parts of the world. There were a fine young lion and leopard, a wild hog, a pair of pelicans, three eagles, a gazelle, three lynxes, two musk cats, a Sahara ibex (a goat with magnificent horns), a number of kangaroo rats, a little larger than English mice, of a very light brown color, and remarkable for the length of their hind as compared with their fore legs, several Cashmere goats, a wild cat rather larger than a domestic one, marked like a leopard, with a beautiful head. There were also a number of venomous serpents and gigantic lizards; several of the cobra capellas were as big round as a man's wrist. The beasts, birds, and reptiles were attended to by several grim and picturesque-looking Arabs and Abyssinians, many of the former with large grisly beards. Amongst them were two African serpent charmers; one of the latter was a lad, a strange little shrivelled-face fellow, who caused much amusement by his comic manners, his grotesque dress, and daring handling of the beasts and reptiles. In each of his ears were two brass bed-curtain rings, his trousers did not reach below his knees, and he wore a pair of large Wellington boots. His legs and boots appeared like two mahogany posts in a pair of leathern buckets. He played with, and teased the most savage of the beasts and reptiles, with the most daring intrepidity; but the most extraordinary performances of this youthful charmer were with the venomous serpents; at the request of the Admiralty agent; and for the trifling *backsheesh* of a silver sixpence, for which he made a profound and slave-like salaam, he exhibited his power over the serpent tribe to the writer of this notice when he went on board the Ripon, in Southampton docks. He took out the cobra capellas from a box, fondled with them, kissed their heads and mouths, held them in his mouth, irritated them apparently to madness by scratching them on the back, and even suffered them to bite him without experiencing any apparent injury. It was a singular sight to see one of these serpents irritated, standing firmly on a small portion of his tail while the body was forming graceful curves, and it was preparing to spring upon the boy with its mouth open and its fangs quivering. The greatest curiosity, however, brought by the Ripon was the Hippopotamus. The one brought home in the Ripon is a male specimen, in good health, about ten months old and 500 lbs. weight. It fed on milk and rice, about 80 pints daily of the former, and the latter was consumed both boiled and raw. A number of cows and goats were kept on board the Ripon to supply the milk. £5,000, it is stated in the *Illustrated News*, had been offered at Alexandria, without success, by an American party at Alexandria, for a living specimen of the hippopotamus.

The metropolitan correspondent of the London *Morning Chronicle* has an entertaining account of the decline and fall of art in the highways. He divides the subjects of his notice into several divisions and subdivisions. First, there are the street actors—their performances consist of four different kinds: (1) Street puppet shows, as Punch, Fantoccini, Chinese shades, and Galante shows; (2) Street feats of strength or sleight of hand, including the performances of jugglers, conjurors, balanceers, salamanders or fire-eaters, and sword and snake swallowers; (3) Street dances, as street hornpipes and street highland flings; (4) Street performances of trained animals, as dancing dogs, performing birds and mice. Besides these several kinds of street actors, there are the street musicians, and their different classes, as street bands, brass and mixed street Ethiopians, farm yard fiddlers, horse organs, Italian organ boys, hurdy-gurdy players, blind and crippled fiddlers, and violon-

cello and clarinet players. Then the street artists, as the artist upon the pavement in colored chalk, and the black profile cutters, and the proprietors of peep shows; and after these various street exhibitions and curiosities, as shows of giants, dwarfs, industrious fleas, alligators, happy families, glass ships, together with street telescopes, microscopes, thaumascopes, sand weighing, lifting, and measuring machines.

Two respectable women were lately tried by the Correctional Tribunal of Nantes on a charge of illegal exercise of medicine. The circumstances were as follows:—A young man, named Doussin, had paid his addresses to a woman who refused to marry him unless he could get previously cured of a large wen with which he was afflicted. Doussin applied to the accused, who had a great reputation in the country for the cures which they had effected, and was recommended by them to use an internal remedy, and a lotion made from herbs. He did so, and derived great benefit; the wen decreased rapidly in size, and his health continued good. In a fit of insanity, however, he put his hands into the fire, and burned them so dreadfully that it was necessary to amputate one at the wrist, and to remove all the fingers of the other. In his raving he used expressions which seemed to indicate that his brain had been affected by the use of some poisonous ingredient in the lotion, and therefore a prosecution was commenced against the women in question. The history of the case will be found in the evidence of the father of Doussin. He said,—"My son had offered marriage to a young woman. Without positively rejecting him, she told him that she would not marry him until he should have been cured of his wen. From that moment he became sad, and always sought solitude. He complained frequently of pains in the head, but his reason was not affected, and he applied to his work as usual. I have learned lately that some time ago he went to consult the two women, who ordered him a decoction of bran in some liquid, of the nature of which I am ignorant, and recommended him to apply poultices to the wen. My son did so, and derived great benefit. One night, however, I was awakened by a great light in the fireplace, and saw my son on his knees before a fire praying. I asked him what he was doing, and he replied, 'Warming my hands.' He then asked me twice to fetch him some wood, and I complied with the request. When I returned the second time I saw that he had his hands in the fire. I drew them out immediately, and perceived that they were horribly burnt. '*Malheureux!*' said I, 'what have you been doing?' He replied, 'The devil is in my bed; I am damned; I have no other means of salvation than burning myself.' He then confessed to me that he had consulted the accused, and said, 'Burn, throw away this remedy, which has turned my brain.'" There being no evidence to show that the prescriptions of the two accused women had produced the insanity of Doussin, they were acquitted. Doussin has recovered his reason, and deeply deplors the sad state to which he has reduced himself.

Miss Martineau is writing a series of papers in the *London Examiner* on the "Art of Making Home Unhealthy." One of them entitled "Art against Appetite," illustrates her view of irony: "Plain sugar, it is a good thing to forbid our children; there is something healthy in their love of it. Suppose we tell them that it spoils the teeth. They know no better; we do. We know that the negroes, who in a great measure live upon sugar, are quite famous for their sound, white teeth; and Mr. Richardson tells us of tribes among the Arabs of Sahara, whose beautiful teeth he lauds, that they are in the habit of keeping about them a stick of sugar in a leathern case, which they bring out from time to time for a suck, as we bring out the snuff-box for a pinch. But we will tell our children that plain sugar spoils the teeth; sugar mixed with

chalk or verdigris, or any other mess—that is to say, civilized sugar, they are welcome to. And for ourselves, we will eat anything. The more our cooks, with spice, with druggery and pastry, raise our wonder up, the more we will approve their handicraft. We will excite the stomach with a peppered soup; we will make fish indigestible with melted butter, and correct the butter with cayenne. We will take sauce, we will drink wine, we will drink beer, we will eat pie-crust, we will eat indescribable productions,—we will take celery and cheese and ale, we will take liquor—we will take wine and olives, and more wine, and oranges, and almonds, and anything else that may present itself; and we will call all that our dinner, and for such the stomach shall accept it. We will eat more than we need, but will compel an appetite. Art against Appetite for ever. Sanitary people bear ill-will to pie-crust; they teach that butter, after being baked therein, becomes a compound hateful to the stomach. We will eat pies, we will eat pastry, we will eat—*we would eat M. Soyer himself in a tart, if it were possible.*"

Albert Smith thus sketches his fellow-passengers in a Mediterranean steamer, on his recent trip to Constantinople:—"As we left Malta, the passengers all sat down to dinner, and for the first time we saw our companions for the next week. To begin with, there were three very pretty French girls. Two of these were cousins, Mademoiselle Virginie and Mademoiselle Pauline, and they said they were going out to Bucharest as governesses; but we subsequently discovered that they were milliners, from a quantity of finery they got rid of at Smyrna. The third, who was from Marseilles, had large dark eyes and long black lashes, with a tinged cheek that suggested Andalusian blood. She was travelling with her brother and another Frenchman, to whom she was engaged; both these being employed in commerce at Marseilles. They had large beards, were great Republicans, and kept very much to themselves and their cigarettes. There was also a French lady of a tolerably certain age, who had been in London, and somewhat astonished me at first with her intimate knowledge of all the leading town circles. She was too well educated for a lady's maid, and yet wanted the repose of perfect good-breeding; so that I was much puzzled to place her, until one evening she told me that she had been two seasons, several years ago, in the company of French actors at St. James's Theatre. We had an Englishman, who was on a speculating expedition to see if he could get some muskets into Hungary. He was also a great phrenologist, and, generally, a thinking, determined man; a young Irishman, who had thrown up his commission in a line regiment, and was going to join the insurgents in the above-named country, not having yet heard of their betrayal and dispersion; the amiable and intelligent Greek professor of the Harvard University in America, Mr. Sophocles, going home to his country after twenty-six years' absence; and several passengers engaged in the Levant trade, whose race was as difficult to be detected as their exact occupations, their language being as complicated a jumble of odd dialects as their luggage was of strange bags and boxes. So that, amongst them all, the conversation was lively; and, when I went again upon deck after dinner, I found Malta fading away into a small blue hill upon the burnished horizon, and felt, for the first time, fairly off on my journey to the Levant."

Mr. Knight Hunt, in his book on the London Press, preserves an incident of the Reporters' Gallery:—"The present occupants of the Reporters' Gallery are a very honorable body of men. Amongst the seniors, if not the seniors, are Mr. Dod, the author of the *Peerage*, and of the useful little blue-covered volume, the *Parliamentary Companion*, who has been in the gallery for *The Times* for between thirty and

forty years; and Mr. Tyas, another veteran of more than thirty years' Parliamentary service on the same paper. Tyas is said to have been the author of the sharp critiques on Lord Brougham's classical knowledge; and is spoken of as the hero of another gallery tradition. The story runs that Tyas had been luxuriating over a glass of wine and the pages of Cicero, when the hour came, and he was due in the house. As he took his place Lord Brougham was speaking, and soon the pencil of Tyas was on his track. The legal orator went on, and the mind of the reporter unconsciously kept up the double thread of Brougham and Cicero. The scholar in the gallery thought the scholar on the floor of the house would remember a fine illustrative passage in the Roman orator. But he passed it, and concluded his harangue. Tyas went to work to write out his notes, and when the arguments required it he put in nearly a page of Cicero. Brougham reprinted the speech, adopting, without remark, the whole of the interpolated matter.

Sir Frederick Thesiger tells a very good story of Mr. George Hudson, M.P. A *ci-devant* friend of the monarch cut him the other day in the lobby of the House of Commons; upon which his Iron Majesty, turning round, exclaimed—"Holloa, you sir, what do you mean? What do you cut me for? I've £200,000 left yet!"

Punch thus celebrates the Capitalist of the Mock Auction: "Nothing is too good or too common—too expensive or too cheap—for him. One minute he will buy a silver candelabrum, the next a silver thimble. In the morning he will add a hundred-guinea dressing case to his enormous property, and in the afternoon amuse himself by bidding a shilling for a little trumpery pen-knife. Why he must have somewhere about 50,000,000 penknives already! The articles he has the greatest hankering for are evidently razors, and yet to look at his unshorn beard, you would fancy he never shaved from one month to another. The hairs stick out on his chin like the wires in a musical snuff-box. It is most amusing to watch him when the razors are handed round. He will snatch one off the tray, draw the edge across his nail, breathe upon it, then hold it up to the light, and, after wiping it in the gentlest manner upon the cuff of his coat, bid for it as ravenously as if he would not lose the scarce article for all the wealth of the Minories. He has clearly a mania for razors. His collection of sideboards alone would fill Hyde Park, and he must possess by this time more dumb-waiters than there are real waiters in England. The number of boot-jacks also, which he must have upon his hands, would have crushed any other man long ago. How he stands up against this daily accumulation of furniture, is a trial of strength that but few men in the city could endure! Anybody else's fortune would have been broken with one half the load that he must have upon his mind. We have actually seen him carry off six chests of drawers in one morning!"

A flutter, says the *Manchester Examiner*, has been occasioned in "literary circles" by the enigmatic announcement of "In Memoriam," a new poem, or new poems, by Alfred Tennyson. "In Memoriam" is understood to consist of sonnets or elegies occasioned by the death of a most promising youth, son to the historian Hallam, and who was a bosom friend of our gifted poet. Tennyson has long, it is said, been hesitating on the verge of publishing these pieces, which persons of judgment, to whom they have been communicated, pronounce to be, in their sorrowful melody, the most exquisite products of his muse.

Miss Jane Porter, the authoress, expired at the residence of her brother, Dr. W. Ogilvie Porter, Portland square, Bristol, May 23d, from a second attack of pulmonary apoplexy. "Miss Porter," says a London paper, "was in her 74th year, and maintained to the last moment not only her intellectual faculties unimpaired,

but that cheerfulness of disposition for which she had been so much admired during her long life."

John Inman, Esq., the principal editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, since the death of Col. Stone, has relinquished his post, it is stated, in consequence of continued ill health. His place will probably be supplied by Mr. R. C. West, who has been for some time assistant editor.

Mr. Dickens is reported as a probable candidate for Parliament from the metropolitan borough of Finsbury.

[From the N. Brit. Review, in an article on "The Fourth Estate," by F. Knight Hunt.]
THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.

INNUMERABLE writers have been misled by Mr. Chalmers, who, in the *Life of Ruddiman*, enters upon the subject of journalism and the origin of newspapers. He states the first newspaper to have been "The English Mercurie," which was published in 1588, and thus ascribes "to the sagacity of Elizabeth and wisdom of Burleigh" the honor that is due to Butler. This error was first corrected by the learned bibliographer Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, who pointed out the comparative modernness of the paper and type of the "English Mercurie," and in other ways fully proved the supposed antiquity to be a glaring forgery.

The following extract from his "Letter to Antonio Panizzi, Esq., &c., of the British Museum," will interest our readers, not many of whom are likely to have seen that curious piece of bibliographical research:—

"Mr. Nichols, who, in 1794, had transferred the substance of Mr. Chalmers's statement to the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, afterwards incorporated it, with an encomium on the sagacity of the discoverer, in the elaborate account of early newspapers drawn up by himself, with the assistance of the Rev. Samuel Ayscough, and forming part of the fourth volume of his literary anecdotes. Mr. D'Israeli, who, in the early editions of his *Curiosities of Literature*, had given an article on the origin of newspapers, in which no allusion was made to the English Mercury, inserted an account of the alleged discovery, in subsequent editions, almost in the words of Chalmers. An independent account, not taken from the *Life of Ruddiman*, but evidently from a fresh examination of the Mercury itself, appeared in the 'Concise History of Ancient Institutions, &c.,' abridged and translated from Professor Beckmann, with various important additions, published at London, in two volumes, in 1823. From these authorities, it is no wonder the information found its way into the *Encyclopædias* and other compilations of a similar nature. It is given in the *Encyclopædia Londinensis*, the *Metropolitana*, the new edition of the *Britannica*, and the *British Cyclopædia*, under the head of *Newspapers*. The '*Conversations Lexikon*' of Brockhaus, and the '*Neuestes Conversations Lexikon*' of Wigand, mention it in the article *Zeitung*; the '*Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture*,' under the head *Gazetier*; the great Russian '*Entsiklopedicheskii Leksikon*,' under that of *Gazeta*. It appears in the '*Encyclopædia Americana*' published at New York, and in the new edition of that work with alterations and improvements now publishing at Glasgow. In miscellaneous works on origins and inventions it has generally found a place. Even the circulation given to the statement by these channels is, however, inferior in all probability to that it has obtained by means of newspapers and miscellaneous periodicals, such as Hone's Year-Book, the Saturday Magazine, Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, &c., &c. For the last thirty or forty years it has formed a regular standard article of curious information, and by constant repetition, in and out of season, has been familiar to almost every desultory reader throughout the kingdom.

"There could hardly, in fact, be any circumstance in literary history apparently established on a firmer foundation than this. A statement originally made by a respectable authority, and repeated by so many others, was supported by reference to a document preserved, not in a pri-

vate library or one difficult of access, but in the most public, the most easily accessible, the most universally frequented collection in the capital. Any doubt or suspicion that might arise could be confirmed or dispelled at once by applying for the volume, which was daily within call of hundreds of literary men both English and Foreign.

"This document, on which for nearly half a century so important a statement has rested undisturbed and unchallenged, is, however, in reality, of so very questionable a character, that to see it was to suspect it, to examine it was to detect. On the fourth instant I was induced to refer to the 'English Mercurie' by a consideration respecting it suggested in the article 'Armada' in the Penny Cyclopædia. It is there pointed out, 'that as the Numbers of the Mercury in the Museum are marked as Nos. 50, 51, and 54, in the corner of the margin, we are to conclude that such publications had occasionally been resorted to at critical times much anterior to the event of the Spanish Armada.' It struck me that the marginal numbers referred to might be merely added in manuscript in order to facilitate reference. On the book being brought, I had not examined it two minutes, before, to my surprise, I was forced to conclude that the whole was a forgery. I handed it to Mr. Jones, my colleague in the library of the Museum, and he immediately arrived at a similar conclusion. At that instant, you, my dear Sir, came up, and I put the volume into your hands, with an inquiry whether you thought that the printing was executed in 1588. After a moment's examination, you unhesitatingly declared it impossible. I pointed out the other marks of unauthenticity that I had detected, your hasty inspection supplied still others, and the unaccountably successful imposition of fifty years was shattered to fragments in five minutes. Not a single individual of many who have since examined the 'English Mercurie' has imagined that the date of 1588 could at all be supported."

Publishers' Circular.

SAMPSON LOW, 169 Fleet Street, London, is our authorized Agent for Great Britain.

* * * The NEXT VOLUME of the LITERARY WORLD will commence on Saturday, July 6th. Subscribers wishing to receive the work from the commencement should order immediately.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM JUNE 8TH TO JUNE 22.

- Alexander (Prof. J. A., of Princeton).—The Psalms translated and explained. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 436. (Baker & Scribner.)
- Book of Common Prayer, according to the use of King's Chapel, Boston. 8vo. pp. 407. (Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.)
- Carlyle (T.).—Latter Day Pamphlets, No. 6, Parliaments. 12mo. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.)
- Combe (A.).—Life and Correspondence by George Combe. 12mo. pp. 434. (Phila.: A. Hart.)
- Fleetwood (Rev. J.).—The Life of Christ, with the Lives of the Apostles and Evangelists, with Illustrations by H. Warren. Pt. I. 4to. pp. 32. (Tallis, Willoughby & Co.)
- Gallery of Illustrious Americans, No. 6, Col. Fremont. Folio. (Brady, Avignon & Co.)
- Golden Sands of Mexico, A Moral and Religious Tale; to which is added True Riches; or, the Reward of Self Sacrifice. Illust. by W. Croome. 12mo. pp. 211. (Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.)
- Herbert (W. H.).—Supplement to Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America. 4to. pp. 83. (Stringer & Townsend.)
- Martinel (Abbé).—Religion in Society; or, the Solution of Great Problems placed within the reach of every Mind. Translated, with an Introduction by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Hughes. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 460. (D. & J. Sadlier.)
- Miles (G. H.).—Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet. A Tragedy in Five Acts. 12mo. pp. 167. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.)
- Mose among the Britishers; the B'hoy in London. Drawn and Eng. by T. B. Gunn. (A. Hart, Phila.)
- Norman Leslie; a Tale, by C. G. H. 12mo. pp. 286. (D. Appleton & Co.)
- Putz (W.).—Handbook of Medieval Geography and History. Translated by the Rev. R. B. Paul. 12mo. pp. 211. (D. Appleton & Co.)
- Retzsch (M.).—Sixteen Outline Illustrations to Schiller's Song of the Bell. 16mo. Phila.: (Hazard & Mitchell.)
- The Lone Dove, a Legend of Revolutionary Times. By a Lady. 12mo. pp. 281. (Phila.: Geo. S. Appleton.)
- The Morning Watch. A Narrative (Poem). 12mo. pp. 175. (Published for the Author by G. F. Putnam.)

LITERARY WORLD

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half Square (nine lines),	\$ 50
One Square (eighteen lines),	1 00
Thirty lines,	1 50
Half Column,	2 75
One Column,	5 00
One Page,	12 50

YEARLY TERMS.

One Square,	\$40 00
Thirty lines,	60 00
One Column,	200 00

Advertisements.

FROM THE OFFICE

OF THE MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

THE PROMPTER, No. 1. just published, contains a Life and Portrait of Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN. Every admirer of this gifted lady should possess himself of a copy. Price 10 cents.

No. 2, with a Portrait of BARNUM, price 10 cts.

THE PROMPTER. No. 2.

EDITED BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

Now Ready.

CONTENTS.

1. Certain Abuses of the Theatre plainly Examined.
2. Little Histories by the Wayside.
3. A Criticism of the Performance of Douglas Jerrold's "Catapaw," at Burton's Theatre.
4. Proper Manners.
5. An Authentic Life of P. T. Barnum, Proprietor of the American Museum.
6. Prologue to Coleridge's Remorse. By Charles Lamb. Now first published here.
7. A Few Words about the Fashionable Opera.
8. An Impartial Examination of the Career of Edwin Forrest, with his prize play of "Mohammed."
9. List of the Theatres and Managers of the United States.
10. Miss Charlotte Cushman's last appearance in America—Her "Meg Merrilies" at Niblo's.
11. Miscellaneous Anecdotes.

W. TAYLOR & CO., Publishers,
151 Nassau street, head of Spruce.

To be had at all Bookstores and Periodical Agents. je22 1t

JOHN W. ORR,
Engraver & Wood,

The Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he still continues the business of

ENGRAVING ON WOOD

at his old place 75 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, where, with his superior advantages, he is able to execute all orders in his line, however large, with the utmost dispatch, and on reasonable terms. Having the largest establishment of the kind in America, he is enabled to pay particular attention to every branch of his business. All kinds of BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS carefully attended to.

The Subscriber also takes this opportunity of returning his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage he has received for the last fourteen years that he has been in the Engraving business, and hopes by close attention, with the superior advantages that he now has, to merit a continuance of the same.

J. W. ORR,

a27tf 75 Nassau Street, New York.

ENGRAVING.

THE Subscriber would inform Authors, Publishers, and Printers, that he still continues to carry on the business of ENGRAVING ON WOOD, in all its branches. His facilities are such that he is enabled to execute all orders promptly, and in every style of the Art, upon the most reasonable terms; while the experience of many years enables him to feel perfect confidence in his efforts to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. N. ORR, No. 151 Fulton street, je20 3m New York.

G. P. PUTNAM

HAS PUBLISHED THIS WEEK :

I.

DICKENS'S

DAVID COPPERFIELD—Part 14.

With the Illustrations. Price 12½ cts.

Also, Volume 1 (containing the first half of the work.)

12mo. cloth, \$1 25; without the plates, \$1.

"Dickens, in his 'David Copperfield' is nobly maintaining and exalting his reputation; he has done nothing better than this. Pure in word and thoughts, and stern in its morality, its humanity is its noblest and most essential characteristic."—*Tribune*.

II.

DICKENS'S

HOUSEHOLD WORDS. No. 11.

Price 6 cents.

Subscription for the work, \$3 per annum.

"Full to the brim with useful and amusing matter. We know of no more readable, no more purchaseable, no more preservable serial publication than the 'Household Words.' They ought to be 'familiar in the mouths,' and on the table of everybody in this country, as well as in England. Information conveyed through the medium of amusement."—*Express*.

III.

MRS. LOUDON'S

LADIES' COMPANION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART V.

With beautiful Engravings.

Subscriptions for the work, \$4 50 per annum.

"Mrs. Loudon's new Magazine is of a comprehensive plan. It is of a large size, and the illustrations are in great abundance. The range of matter includes all the ordinary pursuits of female life, and in addition sufficient of the more refined topics of general conversation to represent the staple of the ball-room and dinner-table. It is a companion, 'in the drawing-room—in the study—in the dressing-room,—and in the garden.' It is by far the best publication of its class we have seen, and may be confidently commended to our lady readers as a highly elegant publication, well stored with useful matter, and really a companion worthy of the name. Good sense and an amiable spirit will be found in it, and all the mysteries of the work basket and the boudoir, &c."—*Lit. World*.

Nearly Ready for Publication.

I. SLEEP PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED with reference to Sensation and Memory. By Blanchard Fosgate, M.D., Physician to the New York State Prison, at Auburn.

Syllabus of the Work.—Introduction; Nervous and Mental Action; Mesmerism; Somnambulism; Incubus; Trance; Catalepsy; Sensation and Perception; Phantasm; Reflex Action, Consensual or Associate Action; Mental Action; Deranged Mental Action; Rapidity of Mental Action. SLEEP—Causes, Induction, Divisions, Stages—Lassitude; Slumber; Dreaming; Torpor, etc.

II. RURAL HOURS. By a Lady.

This work comprises notes in a journal form, the simple record of those little events which make up the course of the seasons in rural life. They were commenced two years since, in the spring of 1848, for the writer's amusement. In wandering about the fields, during a long, unbroken residence in the country, one naturally gathers many trifling observations on rustic matters, which are afterwards remembered with pleasure by the fire-side, and gladly shared, perhaps, with one's friends.—*Extract from the Preface.*

III. EUROPE: PAST AND PRESENT. A Comprehensive Manual of European Geography and History. Derived from official and other authentic sources, and comprising not only an accurate Geographical and Statistical description, but also a faithful and interesting History of all European States; together with a carefully arranged Index, by which the reader is enabled to find readily whatever he wishes to know about any Geographical, Statistical, or Historical fact concerning Europe. By Francis H. Ungewitter, LL.D. je22

Spence's Equity Jurisprudence—Now Complete.

Volume II. just Issued.

LEA AND BLANCHARD, PHILADELPHIA,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

THE EQUITABLE JURISDICTION

OF THE

COURT OF CHANCERY.

By GEORGE SPENCE, ESQ., QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

VOLUME I.—Comprising its Rise, Progress, and Final Establishment.

To which is prefixed, with a view to the elucidation of the main subject, a concise account of the Leading Doctrines of the Common Law, and of the Course of Procedure in the Courts of Common Law, with regard to Civil Rights, with an attempt to Trace them to their Sources; and in which the various Alterations made by the Legislature down to the Present Day are noticed.

VOL. II.—Comprising Equitable Estates and Interests; their Natures, Qualities, and Incidents.

In which is incorporated, so far as relates to these subjects, the substance of "Maddock's Treatise on the Principles and Practice of the High Court of Chancery."

The whole forming two very large 8vo. vols. of over 1000 pages, strongly bound in the best law sheep.

In the first volume, the History of the Court of Chancery has been brought down to the time when its modern jurisdiction was established, and the various heads under which its jurisdiction may be classed, were there stated. The object of the second volume is to illustrate the principles upon which the jurisdiction of the Courts of Chancery is now exercised, in regard to what are, for the purposes of this work, designated as "Equitable Estates and Interests."

The appearance of this work has been delayed beyond the period originally anticipated, by the care which the author has exercised in collecting materials from every side, and treating thoroughly every ramification of his subjects. Those who possess the first volume should lose no time in completing their sets while the second volume is to be had separate.

From Prof Simon Greenleaf.

It is one of the most valuable works on English Law issued from the American press, and I earnestly hope that your enterprise will be liberally rewarded by the patronage of the profession. je22 1f

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON

PUBLISH

Watson's Dictionary of Poetical Quotations.

Consisting of Elegant Extracts on every Subject,

Compiled from various authors, and arranged under appropriate heads.

By JOHN T. WATSON, M.D.

With Nine Illustrations on Steel.

Including—The Noontide Dream—Contemplation—Modesty—The Thunder Storm—The Village Tomb-Cutter—The Parting Wreath—Bereavement—The Bashful Lover—Love and Innocence.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We may safely recommend this book as a collection of some of the most beautiful conceptions, elegantly expressed, to be found in the range of English and American poetry.—*Saturday Courier*.

We regard this as the best book of a similar character yet published.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

In this Dictionary of Quotations every subject is touched upon; and while the selection has been carefully made, it has the merit of containing the best thoughts of the Poets of our own day, which no other collection has.—*U.S. Gazette*.

The selections in this book are made with taste from all poets of note, and are classed under a great variety of subjects.—*Presbyterian*.

The quotations appear to have been selected with great judgment and taste, by one well acquainted with whatever is most elegant and beautiful in the whole range of literature.—*Christian Observer*.

A volume exhibiting industry and taste on the part of the compiler, which will often facilitate researches in the mines of gold where it was dug.—*Maysville Eagle*.

In his arrangement, the compiler has assigned the immortal Shakespeare his deserved pre-eminence, and illuminated his pages with the choicest beauties of the British poets.—*Herald*.

The extracts display great care and taste on the part of the editor, are arranged in chronological order, and embrace passages from all the poets, from the earliest period of our literature to the present time.—*State Gazette*.

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON,

BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS,

Northwest Corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets,

je 22 1f

PHILADELPHIA.

191 Broadway (up stairs), June 18th.
NEW WORK By the Author of "Woman's Friendship."
D. APPLETON & CO.

PUBLISH THIS WEEK :
THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, THE MARTYR.

By GRACE AGUILAR.
Author of "Home Influence," "Woman's Friendship," &c.

One neat vol. 12mo. paper, 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.
 The power and fervor of the pen of Grace Aguilar are already well known. In this work the scene is laid in Spain, during the glorious reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; although the leading characters possess all the fire and energy of the ancient youthful nobles of England. This union of the intense and fervid passion of the Spanish character, with the nobleness of the English, has presented a field for the exercise of all the powers of the author. And magnificently has she used them, by portraying in this work characters and scenes which awaken in the reader a most absorbing and thrilling interest.

By the same Author—Uniform. **A NEW EDITION.**
WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP: a Story of Domestic Life.
 One Volume 12mo. paper cover, 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.

Will be Published Next Week, No. 1, Quarto size.
AMERICAN COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

A Series of Views and Plans of Residences actually Built, intended as Models for those about to be Built, as well as Architects, Builders, etc.; with HINTS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING, Laying Out of Grounds, Planting of Trees, &c.

By J. C. SIDNEY, ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER.

* * * The designs will be selected from every section of the country, and will embrace Plans in every style and at prices varying from \$1000 to \$30,000.

The Views will be handsomely executed on Stone, and printed on the best paper. The work will be issued monthly, price 75 cents per No., and will be completed in Ten parts. Each No. will contain at least three Designs, accompanied with plates of ground plans, as well as letterpress.

Completion of Arnot's Gothic Architecture.

NOW READY (Complete), Nos. 1 to 12. Price 25 cents each,
GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE, applied to Modern Residences.

CONTAINING

Designs for Entrances, Halls, Stairs, and Parlors, Window Frames and Door Panelling, the jamb and label Mouldings on a large scale; the decorations of Chimney Breasts and Mantels; Panelling and Groining of Ceilings, with the appropriate furniture. The whole illustrated with Working and Perspective Drawings, and forming all the necessary parts of a modern dwelling.

By D. H. ARNOT, ARCHITECT.

* * * Subscribers are requested to complete their sets without delay, as the work in separate numbers will only be for sale for a limited time. je22

NEW ILLUSTRATED WORK.

Just Published, Part 1. price 25 cts. (to be continued fortnightly),

THE LIFE OF CHRIST;

WITH

THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

By the Rev. JOHN FLEETWOOD, D.D.

Embellished with four beautiful Steel Engravings, by Artists of eminence, after original Drawings, designed expressly for this Work by HENRY WARREN, Esq., President of the New Water Color Society, London.

* * * This is the only Edition published with original designs engraved on Steel. Each succeeding Part will contain two Engravings. je22 1t

TALLIS, WILLOUGHBY & CO., 46 Vesey street, New York.

Now Ready, A SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME to

FISH AND FISHING.

With a beautifully Engraved Plate of Colored Flies.

By H. W. HERBERT, Esq., Author of Field Sports, Fish and Fishing, &c.

One volume neatly bound. Price \$1.

LATELY ISSUED,

Third Edition with Corrections.

FRANK FORESTER'S FIELD SPORTS.

Also, a New Edition, Improved, of

FRANK FORESTER'S FISH AND FISHING.

STRINGER & TOWNSEND,

222 BROADWAY.

je15

NEW WORKS

TO APPEAR DURING THE PRESENT MONTH.

I.
THE PHANTOM WORLD; or, the Philosophy of Apparitions, Ghosts, &c. By Augustine Calmet. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. H. Christmas, M.A., author of "The Cradle of the Twin Giants." 2 vols. complete in 1.

II.
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ANDREW COMBE, M.D. By his Brother, George Combe. 1 vol. post 8vo. 400 pages, cloth gilt.

III.
MAURICE TIERNAY; or, the Soldier of Fortune. No. 3. By C. Lever, Esq., author of "The Daltons," "Charles O'Malley," &c., &c. (Parts 1 and 2, price 5 cents each, are now ready.)

IV.
THE INITIALS: a Story of Modern Life. 3 vols. complete in 1.

V.
MISS LESLIE'S HOUSE-BOOK, containing the most complete Directions for Housekeeping, and a useful Guide to *Newly Married Ladies*; being a Companion to "Miss Leslie's Ladies' New Receipt-Book." 11th edition, greatly enlarged and improved. 480 pages, cloth extra, gilt backs.

VI.
REVELATIONS OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND. By A. P. Colmache. From the 2d London edition. Complete in one volume 12mo.

VII.
NORVEL HASTINGS; or, the Frigate in the Offing: a Noveltte. By a Distinguished Novelist. (Uniform with "Linda.") Price 35 cts.

IN PRESS—the following:

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V., and his Ministers. WANDERINGS IN GREECE AND TURKEY. By Aubrey de Vere.

BARBA TASSU, the Greek Patriot. THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL. By H. I. Slack. &c., &c.

A. HART, PUBLISHER,

je1 tr

Philadelphia.

GOUPIL, VIBERT, AND CO.,

Wholesale Printsellers, 289 Broadway,
 NEW YORK.

NATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

"THE POWER OF MUSIC," painted by W. S. Mount, executed by Leon Noel. Size, 19 by 15 inches.

Each copy, plain \$3 00.
 do. colored 5 00.

"MUSIC IS CONTAGIOUS!" a companion picture to the above, by the same artists. Same size.

Each copy, plain \$3 00.
 do. colored 5 00.

No other Engravings have ever gained so much popularity and excited the admiration of every beholder as the above beautiful productions of the American Teniers. **VIEW AND PLAN OF THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO,** drawn after nature by Wells.

Each copy \$1 00.

VIEWS OF THE MOST INTERESTING OBJECTS and Scenery in the United States of America. Drawn by Aug. Köllner, lith. by Deroy in Paris.

The Five numbers now published contain 30 views, comprising Philadelphia, Baltimore, Saratoga Springs, Niagara Falls, Mount Vernon, Tomb of Gen. George Washington, &c. &c.

Each number, containing 6 plates, plain \$2 00.
 do. colored 5 00.

All the views may be had separately.

Messrs. Goupil, Vibert, and Co. respectfully inform the trade that they have always on hand the largest assortment of French, English, and German prints to be found in the United States, and that their Parisian house has made such arrangements as to forward all the novelties to the New York house previous to their publication in Europe. The usual discount allowed to the trade. f16tr.

BOOKS IN PRESS,

TO BE SPEEDILY ISSUED BY

TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS,
BOSTON.

A SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF

Mr. Longfellow's *Evangeline*.The Engravings, Forty-five in number, to be executed by
eminent English Artists.

De Quincey's Writings.

VOL. I. TO CONTAIN THE

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER,
AND THE SUSPIRIA PAPERS.

VOL. II. THE BIOGRAPHIES OF

SHAKESPEARE, POPE, GOETHE, SCHILLER, AND
CHARLES LAMB.

A New Volume of Poems,

Consisting of Pieces Written since the Publication of his
Collected Works.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

TO BE ENTITLED

"SONGS OF LABOR, and other Poems."

A New Volume,

By Rev. HENRY GILES, author of "Lectures and
Essays," to be entitled,

"CHRISTIAN THOUGHTS ON LIFE,"

Embracing the following topics:

The Worth of Life—The Personality of Life—The Con-
tinuity of Life—The Struggle of Life—The Discipline
of Life—Faith and Passion—Temper—The Guilt of
Contempt—Evangelical Goodness—Spiritual Incongrui-
ties—Weariness of Life—Mysteries in Religion and in
Life.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

Grace Greenwood,

Author of "Greenwood Leaves," with a fine Portrait
of the Writer.

A New Poem.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

To be entitled

"THE NOONING."

The Orations and Speeches

OF CHARLES SUMNER, Esq. In 2 vols. 16mo. je8 3t

IN PRESS—PART II.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

OF

LOUISIANA:

Embracing Translations of

Many Rare and Valuable Documents

RELATING TO THE

Natural, Civil, and Political History of
that State.COMPILED, WITH HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL
NOTES, AND AN INTRODUCTION.

By B. F. FRENCH,

Member of the Historical Society of Louisiana; Honorary
Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania;
Corresponding Member of the Academy of
Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, etc.

With a Fac-simile of Lasalle's early map of the State.

"To every American who takes an interest in the colo-
nial history of our country, this work brings a strong
recommendation to its perusal, on the simple fidelity of
the narratives it contains, and the ability and good taste
displayed in collecting together so many rare manuscripts
and documents relating to the early history of Louisiana."
Atlas.N. B. Subscribers and persons having the First Part
will make early application, as we have printed but 500
copies.

DANIELS & SMITH,

No. 36 North Sixth street,
PHILADELPHIA.

je8 3t

At Private Sale.

BANGS, PLATT & Co.,

204 Broadway, New York,

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL SUPPLY OF

Bohn's Popular Libraries,

VIZ.

STANDARD LIBRARY.—Consisting of 61
vols. of the most desirable and Select Works.SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY, 8 vols.—Embracing
Humboldt's *Cosmos*, and Views of Nature, and the
New Handbook of Games; together with Chess
Player's Companion, and Handbook, by Staunton.ANTIQUARIAN LIBRARY, 12 vols.; in-
cluding Brande's *Antiquities* of England, Scotland,
and Ireland, Roger of Wendover's *Flowers of History*, &c., &c.CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—Embracing the best
Translations of Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, Livy,
Sophocles, Æschylus, Aristotle, Euripides, &c.ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY.—Lodge's Por-
traits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, to be
completed in 8 vols. with 30 portraits in each. The
first five volumes are now ready.Full lists, embracing particulars, may be had at
the Store.

American Publications.

LARDNER'S POPULAR LECTURES ON
Science and Art. 2 vols. 8vo. 380 engravings.EWBANK'S HYDRAULICS AND MECHA-
nics. 1 vol. 8vo. Engravings.

ZION SONGSTER. 24mo.

BOOK OF THE FEET. Four Colored En-
gravings. 12mo.PETZHOLDT'S AGRICULTURAL LEC-
tures, and Thae's Principles of Agriculture. In one
vol. 8vo.GUENON'S TREATISE ON MILCH COWS.
New edition; paper cover.

THE SAME, cloth.

GERMAN PHRASE BOOK. 18mo. paper.

BENNET'S DOUBLE ENTRY BOOK-KEEP-
ing, new edition, greatly enlarged, with 60 pages addi-
tional matter, well bound, full cloth.THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA, AND
Dictionary of Rural Affairs. By Cuthbert W. John-
son. Adapted to the United States by Gouverneur
Emerson. Illustrated by Seventeen beautiful En-
gravings, besides numerous Engravings on Wood. 1
vol. royal 8vo., 1173 pages, handsomely bound in
leather.WISE'S SYSTEM OF AERONAUTICS;
comprehending its earliest Investigations, and Mod-
ern Practice and Art. Designed as a history for the
common reader, and guide to the Student of the Art.
1 vol. 8vo. with Illustrations.

Orders solicited.

my11 tf

The Work for the Age.

Just Published,

RELIGION IN SOCIETY;

OR, THE SOLUTION OF GREAT PROBLEMS

PLACED WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERY MIND.

Translated from the French of L'ABBE MARTINET: with
an Introduction

By THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP HUGHES.

This work, by an eminent French writer, discusses the
great questions relating to Religion and Society at the pre-
sent day with distinguished ability, and is particularly
adapted to the existing state of inquiry and thought in
this country. It is highly recommended by the Rev.
Clergy, and will be found to possess an interest and value
surpassing most of the publications of the day. The work
is printed on fine paper, 2 vols. 12mo. and bound in the
best English muslin, gilt back, price \$1 50.

D. & J. SADLER,

58 Gold street, New York.
Boston: 72 Federal street. Montreal, C. E.: 179 Notre
Dame street. je8 4t

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS.

MANUFACTURER'S WAREHOUSE

91 JOHN STREET, CORNER OF GOLD,
New York.The success of Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens has been UN-
PARALLELED. The annual sale, now reaching ONE
HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILLIONS, proves con-
clusively the favor with which it has been received by
both the AMERICAN AND ENGLISH PUBLIC. Its
combination of DURABILITY WITH ELASTICITY, adaptation
in its variety of patterns to the different styles of hand-
writing, and its comparative cheapness, are the acknow-
ledged characteristics of this inimitable Pen.

CAUTION.

Certain PRETENDED MANUFACTURERS of Steel Pens,
having ADOPTED JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STYLE OF LABEL, his
mode of putting up his Pens, and also his DESIGNATING
NUMBERS, he desires to give the following

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

That all genuine packages or boxes of JOSEPH GIL-
LOTT'S Pens have a *fac simile* of his signature on the
reverse side—none other are genuine. This caution
especially refers to his original No. 303, the great popu-
larity of which has caused it to be imitated, and the
number adopted by a host of PRETENDED MAKERS.JOSEPH GILLOTT would further advise the public that,
in all cases where his numbers and the phraseology of
his labels are adopted by the parties above alluded to, the
pens are not made by him, although asserted so to be.An experience of thirty years has enabled Mr. Gillott to
bring his Steel Pens to the HIGHEST STATE OF PERFECTION,
and the liberal patronage which he has long en-
joyed at the hands of the American public, will incite
him to continued exertions to maintain the favor which
he has acquired.A large and complete stock constantly on hand on cards
and in boxes, of one gross each, consisting in part of

PRINCIPALITY.

EXTRA FINE AND MEDIUM POINTS.

CALIGRAPHIC.

ON BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CARDS.

WASHINGTON PEN,

ON ILLUMINATED CARDS, FINE POINTS.

PATENT, DAMASCUS,
PERUVIAN,

NEW YORK FOUNTAIN.

These are adapted to moderate strength of
Hand Writing.PATENT MAGNUM BONUM,
DOUBLE DAMASCUS, EAGLE.For Bold and Rapid Writing,
Engrossing, &c.

VICTORIA

AND

CROTON.

The most popular pens—for a light and
fine hand.The Cards of the Croton comprise six
beautiful views of the Croton
Water-Works.LADIES' PEN; SCHOOL; AMERICAN
PRINCE ALBERT; QUEEN'S OWN;
BARONIAL; LITHOGRAPHIC;
AND MAPPING.A large assortment of CHEAP PENS in boxes.
Holders of every description, &c.

m9 tf

HENRY OWEN, AGENT.

RUDOLPH GARRIGUE,

2 Barclay St., Astor House.

FOREIGN BOOKSELLER.

GERMAN, FRENCH, AND SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

AGENCY OF THE PRINCIPAL GERMAN PUBLISHERS.

LIBRARIES AND THE TRADE SUPPLIED TO ORDER.

Special Orders Sent by every Steamer.

Philosophical and Theological Works.

Jahrbücher der biblischen Wissenschaft von HEINRICH EWALD. Erstes Jahrbuch, 1843, mit einer Abhandlung über die neuentdeckte phönizische Inschrift von Marseille. \$0 88

WINER, G. B. Biblisches Realwörterbuch zum Handgebrauch für Studierende, Candidaten, und Prediger. 3te sehr verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage, 2 Bände 1468 Seiten eleg. gebunden. \$8 00

HAGENBACH, K. R. Dr. Die Kirchengeschichte des 18 u. 19 Jahrhunderts aus dem Standpunkte des evangelischen Protestantismus betrachtet. Zweite verbesserte Auflage. 2 Theile, gebunden. \$3 38

STUDIEN und KRITIKEN, theologische. Eine Zeitschrift für das gesammte Gebiet der Theologie, herausgegeben von ULLMANN u. UMBREIT. Jahrgang 1850. 1stes Heft \$1—4 Heft \$4 50

NEANDER, der Brief Jacobi. Do. der Brief Pauli an die Philipper. 40

NOVUM TESTAMENTUM GRÆCÆ. Editio C. Tischendorf, Editio Secunda. Gebunden. \$2 62

LITERARISCHER ANZEIGER für christliche Theologie und Wissenschaft überhaupt, herausgegeben von Dr. A. Tholuck. Jahrgang, 1850. \$3 00

KIRCHEN ZEITUNG, evangelische, Herausgegeben von Prof. Hengstenberg. Jahrgang 1850. \$4 00

HUMBOLDT'S, ALEXANDER VON. Ansichten der Natur mit wissenschaftlichen Erläuterungen—dritte, verbesserte, und vermehrte Auflage. 2 vol. \$3 00

BRIEFE über Alexander v. Humboldt's Kosmos. Ein Commentar zu diesem Werke für gebildete Laien, bearbeitet von Bernhard Cotta, Professor. 2 vol. geh. \$4 50.

G. G. GERVINUS, Shakspeare—Charakteristik Shakspeare'scher Stücke. 3 vol. \$6 75

STUDIEN von Adalbert Stifter. 4 vol. \$8 50

ANDERSEN'S, C. C., ausgewählte Werke. 5 vol. geb. \$6 50

JEAN PAUL'S ausgewählte Werke, mit Lebensbeschreibung, Bildnissen, und Handschriften. 16 vol. \$11.

GELZER, Dr. Heinrich, Die neuere deutsche National Literatur nach ihren ethischen, und religiösen Gesichtspunkten. Für innere Geschichte des deutschen Protestantismus. 2te Auflage. 2 vol. geh. \$3 50

DAS NIBELUNGEN LIED; or, Lay of the Last Nibelungs. Translated into English Verse after Prof. Carl Lachmann's collated and corrected text. By Jonathan Birch. Bound. \$3 00

A. S. BARNES & CO.,

Publishers and Booksellers,

51 John street, New York,

Will Publish shortly:

I.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA. By Rev. Walter Colton, U.S.N., late Alcalde of Monterey and Author of Deck and Port, &c.

This work will contain several spirited illustrations of the Gold Digging scenes—also Steel Portraits of several of the most distinguished Californians, among which the renowned Capt. Sutter is one.

II.

PROF. DAVIES'S NEW WORK ON MATHEMATICAL Instruction, entitled, The Logic and Utility of Mathematics; or, an Analysis of the Principles of the Science, of the nature of the Reasoning, and of the best Methods of imparting Instruction. By Charles Davies, LL.D.

III.

A COLLEGE TREATISE ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. 8vo By W. H. C. Bartlett Prof. of Nat. Philos. in the U. States Military Academy, West Point.

IV.

E. D. MANSFIELD'S WORK ON AMERICAN EDUCATION. 1 vol. 12mo. my18 tf

ROBERT CRAIGHEAD,

PRINTER,

112 FULTON STREET, N. Y.

IN PRESS.

And will shortly appear.

Country Quarters. A Novel.

By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

WITH A MEMOIR BY HER NIECE, MISS POWER.

One volume, 12mo. with Portrait.

—ALSO—

The Closing Scene;

Or, Christianity and Infidelity contrasted in the last hours of Remarkable Persons.

By the Rev. ERSKINE NEALE, M.A.

RECTOR OF KIRTON, SUFFOLK.

Author of the "Bishop's Daughter," &c., &c.

First and Second Series.

Complete in one vol. 12mo. from the third London Edition.

Just Published.

THE HISTORY

OF A

Pocket Prayer-Book,

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

By the Rev. BENJ. DORR, D.D.,

Rector of Christ Church, Phila.

Third Edition. Revised and enlarged.

The Churchman's Manual.

By the Rev. BENJ. DORR, D.D.,

Pastor of Christ Church, Phila.

THIRD EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

ROBT. E. PETERSON.

PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER,

Corner of Fifth and Arch Streets,

je22 It

PHILADELPHIA.

Dietetic and Medical Hydrology.

A Treatise on Baths;

INCLUDING

Cold, Sea, Warm, Hot, Vapor, Gas, and Mud Baths;

ALSO,

ON THE WATERY REGIMEN, HYDROPATHY, AND PULMONARY INHALATION.

WITH

A Description of Bathing in Ancient and Modern Times.

By JOHN BELL, M.D.

"We wish for this volume a wide-spread and extensive circulation; one that shall be commensurate with its design and merits."—*N. Y. Med. Journal.*

"These are our sentiments, and they lead us at once to thank Dr. Bell for his unique production. We receive it not only as a boon and an honor to the American profession and to our countrymen in general, but as a tribute to humanity at large. And we are happy to know that it comes as the forerunner of another gift from one whose public and private life have long since stamped him as a true lover of his fellow-men, and an able as well as earnest advocate of all that is likely to improve their physical and mental being."—*Philada. Med. Examiner.*

"We need not speak of the importance and value of the bath as a preventive and cure of diseases; all who are sceptical on the subject we refer to Dr. Bell, who unfolds the merits of the various kinds of baths, and affords the necessary information as to the modes, and times, and circumstances of administration. Altogether the volume is such a one as will not only prove a public benefit, but increase the reputation of the author."—*Presbyterian.*

"We have taken a dip into this valuable work, and have got a sprinkling of its contents. It is written by a member of the profession, to whom his fellows have long been accustomed to look up for instruction.

"Its appearance is most opportune; for the community generally are so arrayed either for or against hydropathy as it is practised here, and so much error is repeated on both sides, that there was much danger lest the truth should be entirely neglected. This temperate exposition of the whole subject commends itself not only to the profession, but more particularly to the public. It will be found to be of an eminent popular character."—*Literary World.*

"The publishers deserve commendation for the handsome manner in which they have put out the book. The type is large and new, and the paper white and firm."—*Fitzgerald's City Item.*

TO COUNTRY BOOKSELLERS, Printers, and Dealers.

The attention of the TRADE is respectfully requested to

I.

HOLBROOKE & CO'S

WHOLESALE CATALOGUE OF

FINE AND IMPORTANT ENGRAVINGS.

By Eminent Artists.

Offered to the Trade on very advantageous terms.

II.

To which is annexed their

PRICE-CURRENT OF PICTURE-FRAMES:

EMBRACING

GILT FRAMES: ALSO ROSEWOOD AND MAPLE VENEERS, WITH FRENCH GLASS, ETC.

* * In order to facilitate the making out of Orders, the Price-Current of the PICTURE-FRAMES is arranged on a novel and very simple plan, with the various Mouldings and Glass sizes, the price being attached to each Frame—of which an unusually liberal discount will be allowed to the Trade.

Will be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United States or Canada.

Applications to be pre-paid, addressed to

HOLBROOKE & CO.,

189 Fulton street, New York.

je15 tf

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.

(Successors to Grigg, Elliot & Co.),

PHILADELPHIA,

HAVE IN PRESS:

MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS, with ample illustrations of Practice in all the departments of Medical Science, and copious Notices of Toxicology. The whole adapted to the wants of Medical pupils and practitioners. By Thomas D. Mitchell, A.M., M.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Philadelphia College of Medicine, formerly Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy in the Medical College of Ohio, Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica in Lexington, Ky., &c., &c.

A TREATISE ON THE DISEASES AND Physical Education of Children. By Jas. Eberle, M.D., &c. Fourth Edition. With Notes and very large Additions, by Thomas D. Mitchell, A.M., M.D., &c., &c.

POWER AND PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Guillaume Tell Pousin, Minister of the Republic of France for the United States. Translated from the French, by Edmund L. Du Barry, M.D., Surgeon U.S. Navy.

RECORDS OF A TOURIST. By Charles Lanman, Author of "A Summer in the Wilderness," Letters from the Alleghany Mountains, &c., &c.

THE FAMILY DENTIST: Including the Surgical, Medical, and Mechanical Treatment of the Teeth. Illustrated with Thirty-One Engravings. By Charles A. Dubouchet, M.D.

THE IRIS:

A Souvenir for 1851.

A Super royal 8vo. Illustrated with original Illuminations and Steel Engravings, executed in the best style of the Art.

EDITED BY

PROFESSOR JOHN S. HART, of Philadelphia.

The Contributions will be from the first talent of the country, and entirely original, and the Publishers will spare no effort to make this the most attractive and valuable Gift Book of the season.

je15 tf

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.,

Publishers and Booksellers, 110 Washington Street, Boston.

PUBLISH THIS WEEK.

PRIZE TRAGEDY.

MOHAMMED; THE ARABIAN PROPHET.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

By GEORGE H. MILES. Price 75 cts.

The above is the successful Tragedy for which Mr. FORREST paid the prize of One Thousand Dollars.

VOLUME VI.—MILMAN'S GIBBON'S ROME.

Boston Library Cheap Edition.

This is the concluding volume, and contains a complete Index arranged expressly for this Edition.

No. XVIII.

Boston Illustrated Edition

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

CONTAINING

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

With a Splendid Steel Engraving of the Queen to Richard.

No. VI.

Carlyle's Latter Day Pamphlets.
PARLIAMENTS.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Complete in one volume, 12mo. Price \$1.

PHILO: AN EVANGELIAD. By the Author of "Margaret." A Tale of the Real and Ideal. 12mo. Price 88 cts.

LIFE AND RELIGION OF MOHAMMED. Translated from the Persian by Rev. J. L. Merrick, eleven years a Missionary among the Persians. Price \$1 50.

NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMAN; or, Examples of Female Courage and Virtue. By Elizabeth Starting. 12mo. cloth gilt, \$1.

Valuable Agricultural Work.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY FOR Farmers and Agriculturists. From personal observations, by Henry Colman, late Commissioner of Agriculture in Massachusetts.

COLMAN'S LETTERS ON EUROPEAN LIFE AND MANNERS. 2 vols. 12mo. A new Edition. Price reduced to \$1 50.

The above popular Work has, within the short time of its first publication, reached a sale of 5000 copies, and the demand for the same is still undiminished.

BENNETT'S AMERICAN POULTRY BOOK. With 75 Engravings, 12mo. cloth. Cheap Edition.

HISTORICAL WORKS:

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

Boston Library Edition, 6 vols. 12mo.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

Boston Library Edition, volumes 1 and 2, uniform with Hume's History. Being a continuation of the great work of Mr. Hume, and, when completed, will be recognised as standard authority in all future historical reference relating to the History of England.

MILMAN'S GIBBON'S ROME.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by Edward Gibbon, Esq., with notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman, to which is prefixed a complete Index to the whole work—complete in 6 volumes, and published in uniform style with Hume and Macaulay's History.

LAMARTINE'S

HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION
OF 1848,

With a Portrait of the Author.

This is a fine Library Edition, complete in one volume, bound uniform with Hume's and Macaulay's History, 12mo. Price 75 cents.

The above series of Historical Works are known as the "Boston Library Editions," and for the style of binding and quality of paper and printing combined, they are the most desirable and cheapest books published in this country, and no person's library is complete without them.

LIBRARY EDITION OF STANDARD POETICAL WORKS,

BOUND IN UNIFORM STYLE OF MUSLIN, GILT.

Tupper's Poetical Works, 1 vol. 12mo. with Portrait.
Cowper's Poetical Works, do. do. do.
Pope's Poetical Works, do. do. do.
Byron's Poetical Works, do. do. do.
Moore's Poetical Works, do. do. do.
Burns' Poetical Works, do. do. do.

Scott's Poetical Works, 1 vol. 12mo. with Portrait.
Hemans' Poetical Works, do. do. do.
Milton and Young's Works, do. do. do.
Wordsworth's Poetical Works, do. do. do.
Kirk White's Poetical Works and Remains, do. do. do.

Campbell's Poetical Works, 1 vol. 12mo. with Portrait.
Crosby's Beauties of British Poets, 1 vol. 6 illustrations.
Howitt, Cook, and Landon's Poetical Works, 1 vol. 12mo.
Poems of Ossian, 1 vol. 12mo. 10 illustrations.
Thomson and Pollok, 1 vol. 12mo. Portrait.
Life, Gems, and Beauties of Shakspeare, 1 vol. 12mo.

The above Poetical Works are uniform in size and binding, and are sold separately or together. Their size and style considered, they are the cheapest Library Editions of the same authors before the American public. Price \$1 each.

IN PRESS.

MARGARET PERCIVAL IN AMERICA:

A Religious Tale. 12mo.

THE REBELS:

Or, Boston before the Revolution.

By the Author of "Hobomok."

1 vol. 12mo.

IN PRESS.

CYCLOPEDIA

OF

Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

One Volume Royal Octavo.

EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

P. S. & Co. have recently imported, and have now on hand, a large Stock of the various kinds of OXFORD BIBLES, in the various styles of Bindings—Plain, Illuminated, and Clasp. Orders for the same, supplied at the lowest rates for Cash. je15 tf

HARPER & BROTHERS

PUBLISH THIS WEEK:

I.

On WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19th,

THE SHOULDER KNOT; or, Sketches of the Threefold Life of Man.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT.

12mo. Paper, 60 cents. Muslin, 75 cts.

"A production of rare merit and interest. There is a bewitching mystery about it."

II.

On THURSDAY, JUNE 20th,

THE PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION;*Or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Scenery, Biography, Relics, and Traditions of the War of Independence.*

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

WITH SIX HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD BY LOSSING & BARRITT, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author.

This elegant work, issued semi-monthly, will be completed in about TWENTY NUMBERS, containing forty-eight large octavo pages each, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Number. It is a Pictorial and Descriptive Record of a journey recently performed, to all the most important historical localities of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION. The plan is unique and attractive, embracing the characteristics of a *book of travel* and a *history*.

"Whoever would refresh his knowledge of the scenes and characters of the Revolution, should not fail to watch for the appearance of these attractive and delightful numbers."—*Tribune*.

III.

On FRIDAY, JUNE 21.

THE PROFESSOR'S LADY. By Berthold Auerbach.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

8vo. paper, 18½ cents.

~~~~~  
JUST PUBLISHED,

1.

**RAILWAY ECONOMY.**

A Treatise on the New Art of Transport, its Management, Prospects, and Relations, Commercial, Financial, and Social; with an Exposition of the Practical Results of the Railways in Operation in the United Kingdom, on the Continent, and in America.

By DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L., &amp;c.

12mo. paper, 75 cts.; muslin, \$1.

"No work has as yet appeared which has so thoroughly and comprehensively investigated the elements of the railway system."—*Railway Times*.

2.

**THE OLD OAK CHEST. A NOVEL.**

[By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.]

Being the 145th No. of the "Library of Select Novels."

3.

**THE PILLARS OF HERCULES;***Or, a Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco in 1848.*

By DAVID URQUHART, Esq., M.P.

Two volumes, 12mo. Paper, \$1 40; muslin, \$1 70.

"A learned and entertaining production, adapted to every taste."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Throughout interesting and instructive. The author visited the Moorish relics in Africa and Spain."—*John Bull*.

4.

**THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS;***His Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his Greatest Enemy.*

By W. M. THACKERAY, Esq.

With Illustrations by the Author. To be completed in Six or Seven Numbers, at Twenty-five Cents each.

"Thackeray must take his stand at the head of the prose satirists, if not of the novelists of the day. No one describes the scenes and manners of society with such curious felicity."—*Washington Republic*.

5.

**GIBBON'S HISTORY OF ROME.**

WITH NOTES, BY REV. H. H. MILMAN.

From the last London Edition. To be completed in Six Volumes. Uniform with Harpers' Cheap Editions of Hume and Macaulay's History of England.

12mo. muslin, 40 cents per vol.; paper, 30 cents.

6.

**HINTS TOWARDS REFORMS:***In Lectures, Addresses, and other Writings.*

By HORACE GREELEY, Esq.

12mo. muslin, \$1 00.

"It is emphatically a work designed to elevate and ameliorate the condition of the working classes, and to equalize the blessings of a beneficent Providence."—*Syracuse Journal*.

**HARPERS' NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**

Each Number of the Magazine will contain 144 octavo pages, in double columns. The volumes of a single year, therefore, will contain nearly 2000 pages of the choicest of the Miscellaneous Literature of the Age. TERMS, \$3 00 a year, or 25 cents a number.

"No publishing house in America has such facilities for providing the largest amount of the best materials for such a magazine, and this first number gives evidence of judicious editorship. The publishers, we feel sure, will justify the promise given in their prospectus, and lay open before the readers of the Magazine the entire field of lighter and historical literature."—*Com. Advertiser*.

"The first number of this new periodical is published, and even more than fulfils the promise made by the publishers on their introducing it to the public. This Magazine must take a high position among the standard literary periodicals of the day."—*Baltimore Patriot*.

"The first number is rich and varied in its contents, presenting selections from the leading periodicals, and the best writers of the day. The work in such hands cannot fail of success, and we bespeak for it that cordial welcome which it will doubtless receive."—*Providence Journal*.